HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"THE ISSUE OF PROTECTION TO AMERICAN LABOR."—Blaine.

"Whenever Thurman and I have joined hands against Jay Gould and fellows of that sort in the Senate, James G. Blaine has invariably started up from behind Gould's breastworks, musket in hand."—Senator Edmunds.

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THE LATE SECRETARY FOLGER.

MR. FOLGER characteristically falls at his post in the tranquil and diligent discharge of his duty, but his death has a peculiar sadness because of what was to him the overwhelming political calamity of two years ago. Before his appointment to the Treasury Mr. FOLGER had been for many years withdrawn from political life, but his tastes and ambitions were undoubtedly political. Sixteen or seventeen years since he was the Republican leader of the Legislature, a man of unsullied character and life, personally attractive, of undoubted ability, with a certain rugged vigor of mind and temperament, and a downright sincerity which made him a very conspicuous figure in New York politics, and promised a distinguished career. He seemed to be, indeed, the coming Republican, and few who knew him did not anticipate his promotion to the Governorship, to the Senatorship, and to any other height of great place. As a party leader, however, he had the same fault of irascibility, of an irritable temper, which has been fatal to other eminent public men.

For private reasons Mr. FOLGER decided to abandon a political career, and took his seat upon the bench of the Court of Appeals. His withdrawal was complete, and however closely and with whatever interest he may have watched the political arena, he refrained absolutely from any participation in party controversy. His name was sometimes mentioned as the most able and the most available of Republican candidates for the highest positions in the State, but it was not seriously brought forward, and it was the general conviction that he had made his final and irrevocable choice. A few years ago he was reelected Judge of Appeals by an imposing and most gratifying vote, and there were those who felt that the ablest political talent in the State was in retirement upon the bench. Mr. FOLGER'S visit to General GARFIELD at the General's request was the announcement that he was not wholly disinclined to renew political activities, and the offer of the Treasury from President ARTHUR, although it involved a complete change of career when he was no longer a young man, was scarcely to be declined by a man of such tastes, powers, and ambitions. He was called from the greatest State, whose vote is often decisive in a Presidential election, to the second place in the cabinet. He had just proved his great popularity with the party of which he was an acknowledged chief, and his position, while keeping him in the public eye and mind, had yet withdrawn him wholly from the factional feuds which had torn the party in pieces. Should he prove to be a successful Secretary of the Treasury, circumstances seemed to make him the most available future Republican candidate for the Presidency. The sacrifice and the risks, indeed, were great, but Mr. FOLGER decided to re-enter the political field.

His financial administration was most diligent and most upright. Perhaps it seemed hardly to justify the estimate of the man which his friends had entertained, but it occasioned no serious hostile comment. His nomination as Governor of New York followed. It was natural to suppose that his election by a commanding majority would confirm his national position and prospects. But the circumstances of the nomination were fatal. At the very moment that the "Stalwart" faction was associated in the public mind with the assassination of GARFIELD, it was apparently aiming to retain its ascendency in New York by fraud. The result was one of the most extraordinary in our political annals. Mr. FOLGER was wholly innocent of any knowledge of unfair dealing in his nomination. By character, ability, and experience he was peculiarly fitted for the office. He was deservedly popular with his party. Yet he was defeated by nearly two hundred thousand majority, and defeated by Republicans who preferred party defeat to dishonest party methods. For Mr. FOLGER it was a catastrophe and a tragedy. The result was a personal rebuke only so far as he had been willing to accept such a nomination, and those who opposed his election carefully stated that it was not the candidate, but the methods by which he had been made a candidate, that they opposed. None the less it was the end of his political career. No man who had been so overwhelmed in an election could hope to be again nominated for a popular vote. Doubtless the shock was terrible, but without sulking or repining Mr. FOLGER went on with his official duties. There have been constant reports of his ill health, but he was faithful to the end, and dies amid universal respect and regret. It is a pathetic story so far as he is concerned. Yet it is encouraging to reflect that, despotic as party spirit may be in this country, it is not yet strong enough to coerce all Republicans to support a party candidate merely because he is the party candidate, and without regard either to his personal fitness or to the methods by which he was nominated.

SHOULD THE BLACK-MAIL BE PAID?

WE have received several letters like the following:

"I am a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, D. C. I endeavor to do the work assigned me faithfully, and having been recently promoted, think it must be done satisfactorily. I desire to retain my place whether BLAINE or CLEVELAND is elected. But I am between two fires. If I do *not* give to RAUM and CLAPP, I am distrusted, am liable to be removed (a cause can always be found). If I *do* give, a fear exists that I shall be "spotted," and in the event of CLEVELAND'S election, shall be decapitated. What shall I do? Is the Civil Service Act a mere farce? Is there no safety for a government clerk? I should be greatly obliged if you would answer this letter."

In reply to a similiar inquiry, Mr. EATON, of the Civil Service Commission, has said that he can not undertake to say whether the danger of removal is greater from one party than from the other. It is evident, however, from Mr. CLAPP'S remarks in an interview, that, had he the power, he would not hesitate to "sweep out" a Democratic clerk who does not give, and he would not hesitate, probably, to remove a Republican clerk for the same reason. The demand upon the clerks violates the intention and the spirit of the law, and those who make it would not hesitate to make the clerks suffer for refusing to pay. On the other hand, politicians like Mr. CLAPP in the other party might take the same general course. Whether, therefore, the clerk yields to the present demand or refuses to yield, he can not be sure of retaining his place. The reason is that the power of removal is unchecked. In the case of our correspondent, if the appointing officer or his successor chose to violate the law by dismissing him either for giving or for not giving, there is no immediate remedy. The wrong is one of those which can not be corrected by regulation, but which will be adjusted by the change in the methods and the spirit of the service which has already begun, and which is rapidly advancing.

In this situation every clerk should first make sure that the demand is made by such persons and in such a way that he would not render himself liable under the law if he should decide to give. He should then see distinctly that the summons to give is in effect a demand for black-mail. The question is not whether a government employé may not give if he chooses to give. Of course he may give if he chooses to do so. The question is whether he may decline to give, if he chooses, with the same freedom as a citizen who is not an employé. If the circular should be sent to the editor of this paper, he can give or decline with entire freedom. But when it is sent to a government employé, it is sent by those who can make him suffer if he declines. All that we can do is to lay the facts before our correspondent, and leave him to decide for himself. He is not treated like other citizens and voters. The circular assumes that he ought to give because he is a government clerk, which is a view totally at variance with the law and with the spirit of the reformed system. If, therefore, he yields, he gives as he would give to a burglar or to a highwayman, in order to save something more precious. As for the probabilities of the future, he must remember that Mr. BLAINE has been a master in the methods which the reformed system supersedes, that he is wholly unknown as having any interest whatever in reform, and that his campaign is "run" largely by those who despise reform. On the other hand, Mr. CLEVELAND would owe his election in great part to his courageous independence as a practical reformer, and what he has done as Governor there is no reason to doubt that he would do as President. For ourselves, we should trust both his desire and ability to withstand the pressure of Democratic spoils politicians much more than those of Mr. BLAINE to resist the demands of Republican politicians of the same kind.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE Republicans have carried Maine at the State election by a majority but little larger than that of the corresponding election in 1876. The candidate for Governor was very popular, and, like the Congressional candidates, except Mr. REED, was supported by the entire Republican vote. It is the Presidential year, and the Republican candidate lives in Maine. The most extraordinary exertions of every kind have been made by his friends, and his opponents have done absolutely nothing. That, under such circumstances, the majority should be but little more than it was then shows none of that enthusiasm which was to carry the State like a whirlwind; and fairly viewed, the results in Vermont and Maine, taken together, show only that the party in the preliminary election simply holds its own, and in the preliminary election the protest against the Presidential nomination was not expected to be felt.

Mr. BLAINE on the evening of the election hastened to give the cue for the rest of the campaign. The sole great issue he declared to be protection to American labor. He denounced the attempt "to drag the issue" of prohibition into the national canvass, insisting that it belonged wholly to the State. Yet as a citizen of the State he refused to vote upon it, under the plea that he was a representative of national issues. But that surely is not a reason for refusing to vote upon a State issue. The result in Maine, with all the unprecedented effort, and without any serious opposing canvass, has thrown little light upon the probable general result in November. It has not been doubted that Maine would vote for Mr. BLAINE. But a majority in the State election but a trifle beyond that of 1876 does not foreshow that New York, for instance, will vote for Mr. BLAINE. In 1876 Maine gave 15,444 Republican plurality in September, but in November New York gave nearly 26,000 majority for Mr. TILDEN over Mr. HAYES.

Mr. BLAINE'S resolute attempt to force a debate upon the tariff, in order to evade discussion of his own conduct in mixing what Senator HAWLEY calls his public and private business, will not avail to turn public attention from that vitally important inquiry. There are thousands of Republican protectionists who yet are not willing to vote for a candidate with Mr. BLAINE'S official record. With multitudes of Republicans the issue of official honor and integrity takes precedence of all other issues, and they will support Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate whose courage and firmness will make his unstained official fidelity effective for honest administration. Such Republicans must bear as they can the terrible charge of Phariseeism with which they are overwhelmed because they intend to vote for a perfectly trustworthy candidate for the Presidency.

THE PARTY ARGUMENT.

MR. MORSE, the President of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, made a speech of excellent tone and temper, advocating the support of Mr. BLAINE upon the general grounds that protection, the rights of voters in the Southern States, and the reformed system of the civil service were safer with the Republican than with the Democratic party. His speech was evidently addressed, not to Democrats, but to Independent Republicans. But as their objection is to the candidate rather than to the party, an assertion that the Republican party is more trustworthy than its opponent is not an argument unless Mr. MORSE means to say that as the party is preferable, its candidate, however untrustworthy, ought to be supported by those who prefer the party. But how is this different from JOHN COCHRANE'S famous declaration that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated.

Mr. MORSE said that in his judgment civil service reform would be set back for a generation if Mr. CLEVELAND should be elected. Without discussing the soundness of such a belief, it is evident that its expression as addressed to protesting Republicans—without having previously removed their objection to a candidacy which raises the question of official integrity—is merely an appeal to support an unworthy candidate for the sake of the reform. Obviously this is not a reason for voting for such a candidate. It is merely the offer of a choice of evils, and if such be the dilemma, every citizen and every Republican ought to choose what seems to him the lesser evil, and that in our opinion would be unquestionably a vote against the unworthy candidate.

Mr. MORSE, indeed, made a little defense of the candidate, and undoubtedly he holds that Mr. BLAINE is greatly wronged. But the drift of his speech is to the effect that the candidate should be merged in the party—an argument which we concede to be conclusive when the candidate, however unknown to the

country, is yet officially irreproachable. But when the objection is of the kind urged against Mr. BLAINE, the only way to overcome it is not to declare that the party may be trusted, but to prove it by showing that it has nominated, not a "brilliant" candidate whom every foreigner wishes to see, but a candidate who has not used public place for private gain. Dr. VON HOLST, the author of the *Constitutional History of the United States*, a man whom is perfectly familiar with our politics, says upon this very point, and with reference to this election:

"Immensely important as is the question whether civil service reform (*i. e.* the substitution of a form of government organized in accordance with the demands of healthy common-sense and of a civilized nation for the semi-barbarian nuisance of the spoils system) shall be continued, or the land intrusted four years longer to the machine—of much greater importance is, nevertheless, the question whether immaculate personal honesty shall continue to be absolutely required in a man whom this nation of over 50,000,000 by its own free choice places at its head."

BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S VIEW.

THE friends of Mr. BLAINE, alarmed by the open opposition to their candidate of Presidents ELIOT, of Harvard, SEELEY, of Amherst, and CARTER, of Williams, hasten to put ex-Presidents HOPKINS, of Williams, and WOOLSEY, of Yale, upon their electoral tickets, in order to show that they too have excellent and weighty names of the same character upon their side. But the acquiescence of such gentlemen in the unhappy nomination of Mr. BLAINE is not more significant than the frank and positive censure of Bishop HUNTINGTON, who, while no more a politician than the ex-presidents, properly cherishes a deep interest in public affairs.

Bishop HUNTINGTON says:

"I have no desire to publish my opinions to the world, nor do I care to hold them back. I have never been in favor of BLAINE, whom I recognize as a trafficker in official influence, and I am very much pained to see so many of my New England friends yielding up the high standard of morals so requisite to the Presidential candidate in the past. Nothing has been said in this miserable attempt which can bring him into the society of the pure statesmen of the past. It would indeed be deplorable if the young men of this nation should be informed by this election that the people of the United States condone the offenses proved against JAMES G. BLAINE. The moral effect would be very depressing should they be told by his election that they can lie, defraud, become demagogues, bribe givers and takers, and still not forfeit the public confidence. It is a humiliating spectacle to see so many men like HOAR, DAWES, and others twisting his dishonored record in such a way as to become a deliberate attempt to make his conduct reputable. To me the action of those who sneer at the attempt to purify the political atmosphere is contemptible."

Of Mr. CLEVELAND, Bishop HUNTINGTON says:

"His public life has been trustworthy, upright, and manly. He is a man of honor, and there is much in his public career to admire.... Believing as I do that this [the scandal concerning Governor CLEVELAND's private life] is a thing of the past and no part of his present character, I shall certainly vote for him. Until I came into this State I never heard aught about this scandal. He does not look with complacency on the past, and is not living as a dissolute man. According to the Christianity which I teach we are to forgive, and as I understand that he is living an honorable life in the present, I see no reason why I should not cast my vote for the reform Governor, GROVER CLEVELAND.... I have often thought of the striking contrast in the moral attitude of the two men, and wondered that some bright caricaturist has not hit upon the idea and sketched in a picture with BLAINE upon his knees pleading with MULLIGAN for the letters, and CLEVELAND answering manfully when accused, 'Tell the truth.'"

CANDIDATES AND THE REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE New York Civil Service Reform Association has issued the following circular:

"An impression seems to have gained some currency both within and outside the association that its name and influence are being used in the interest of one of the candidates for the Presidency of the United States. Such is not the case. There is a constitutional provision which excludes such a use, and were this not so, the officers and the executive committee would still be absolutely opposed to the advocacy by the association of the cause of any candidate. It is in no way responsible for the personal opinions or individual political action of any of its members."

THE NEW BRUNSWICK TRAGEDY.

IN the suburban city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, the malign forces of political and financial corruption, which are the curse of American life to-day, have wrought terrible havoc. A few years since that pleasant town fell under the domination of a ring of pretentious political schemers, who sought to play there the rôle of the TWEED ring in New York. Their aims and their methods were curiously similar to those of the robber chiefs of Manhattan. Their success for the time was relatively nearly as great. Their fate has been on the whole even more disastrous. By the gross abuse of political trusts they launched the town on an ambitious system of public improvements, which gave them an excuse for loading it with debt, and then they stole the proceeds of the city's credit. For a time several of them maintained a lavish style of living, and enjoyed the prestige which even the vulgarest and most vicious success imparts.

Then came suspicion, investigation, discovery. The city was left bankrupt. The original thieves were imprisoned, driven into exile, or disgraced. One of the men whom they had caught in their toils, as TWEED and SWEENY and the rest caught those like him in New York, was the cashier of the National Bank of New Jersey. They flattered his ambition to shine in politics; they hoodwinked him as to the worst of the schemes, and enlisted him in others; they induced him to endanger the funds of the bank over which he had control. Finally, whether to cover the losses in this direction, or in part to make up for business mistakes, he took to gambling in stocks, and only plunged himself more deeply in trouble. When discovery became inevitable he killed himself. A few days later the president of the bank, who seems to have been involved more through blind trust in the cashier than in any worse way, also took his own life. They could not face the disgrace, the ruin, the misery, which were the sure and relentless consequences of the course they had been pursuing, and which they realized too late.

The significance of this tragic story lies in the fact that it is in no sense singular, that the forces at work in New Brunswick are known to have been at work in our large cities and in the national capital for years. They are the forces which the horrible Crédit Mobilier affair disclosed, which for the first time in American history tarnished the fame of the regular army in the disgrace of BELKNAP and BABCOCK, which involved the honored name of the ex-General of the Army in the scandal of FERDINAND WARD's audacious frauds, which stained the records of Congress with the revelations of the MULLIGAN letters and the railway jobbery of Mr. BLAINE, and have made feeble apologists of dishonesty of public men like Senators HOAR and HAWLEY. The republic has seen the ruin wrought by the greedy spirit of unscrupulous speculation in every class. It remains to be seen—though it can scarcely be doubtful—whether it will administer the remedy that the disease requires.

PERSONAL.

LIEUTENANT GREELY, the arctic explorer, was recently elected to membership in the Lafayette Post, No. 140, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, of which CHARLES APPLEBY is commander.

—Many distinguished friends having congratulated Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES on his seventieth birthday, the genial Autocrat has written a letter of acknowledgment, in which he says: "Speak as indulgently as you may to one who has crossed the dead-line of the Psalmist's reckoning, he can not forget that he is sitting amidst the ruins of the generation to which he belongs—himself a monument, if not a ruin, on which all but himself can read the inscription. Let not the critic weigh too nicely the value of the praise bestowed upon him. A few years will chill and quiet all the excited superlatives which overweening fondness has lavished in his honor. In the mean time a little overpraise comes too late to do him any real harm. The breath that stirs his slumbering vanity brightens the fire upon his hearth, but fans no dangerous flame of self-love, as it might have done in earlier years. And even the shrivelled centenarian loves a word of praise; it is the sweetmeat of his second infancy."

—Dr. JOHN G. KERR, who for thirty years has been director of the Missionary Hospital at Hong-Kong, and during that time has had 700,000 patients, is preparing an essay on the deleterious effects of opium on the Chinese. Almost every Chinaman, he says, eats or smokes the drug to his physical, moral, and financial detriment.

—The late Duke of Wellington in advanced years was very fond of the theatre, but was troubled with a distressing cough which so seriously interrupted the performance that his friends sometimes led him into the *foyer*, in order that he might not overstrain the patience of the audience. He died of heart-disease in the waiting-room of a railway station.

—A traveller in Herzegovina during the insurrection describes one of the insurgents, PEKO PAVLOVITCH, as a magnificent brute, who stood about six feet six inches, wore armor, and was the purest savage ever seen in a white skin. When a soldier came with a flag of truce from MOUKHTAR Pasha, asking for permission to send victuals to a beleaguered garrison, PAVLOVITCH looked at the paper, which he could not read, and, while its contents were being interpreted to him, tore it into pieces, and flung them into the messenger's face with the words, "That is my answer." Before the man could take his departure he was murdered in cold blood.

—Mr. PHILIP ARMOUR, the "pork king" of the Northwest, is said to be worth $25,000,000. He has 10,000 men in his employ, and has lately made $2,000,000 in one transaction. He rises at five o'clock daily, and works harder and longer than any of his clerks. There is not a great city in the world that does not contain one of his representatives. He scorns the charge that he is a speculator or gambler. "I am engaged in a legitimate business," he says, "buying and selling provisions for consumption. My sole function is that of a distributor to the markets of the world." He is stout, below the average height, and beardless.

—Dr. RAE, the arctic explorer, asserts that cannibalism took place as surely among some of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's people as it did among the GREELY party. His authority for the charge is the testimony of some Esquimaux whom he met while in the far north.

—PAULINE LUCCA, the prima donna, has been a public singer for twenty-five years, and is now forty-four years old.

—Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT's domino ball in a tent on his grounds at Newport was one of the most brilliant social events of the season in that city by the sea. There were five hundred guests, all masked, and the reputed cost of the decorations, the music, and the supper was ten thousand dollars.

—Miss LOUISE ALCOTT writes that having been a worker all her life, and having tried nearly every employment for women, she sincerely believes in the propriety of any woman filling any office, from the Presidential chair to the wash-tub.

—Mr. J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL is authority for the statement that "mugwump" is an Indian word meaning "great man," and that in ELIOT's Indian Bible it stands in one place for "captain" and in another place for "duke." The original spelling is "mugquomp."

—A Canadian journalist describes the Philistine of his region as bumptious, bulbous-headed, swaggering, and condescending, without an idea beyond his business, and wholly ignorant of any pleasures but those of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Is it of this sort of person that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD thinks when he sneers at Philistinism?

—Lady JACKSON, in her interesting book, *The Court of the Tuileries*, published in the "Franklin Square Library," shows how influential in France during the thirty years immediately preceding the abdication of LOUIS PHILIPPE were women in shaping the policy of the government. The ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain were the main dependence of TALLEYRAND in his efforts to persuade the allied powers to restore the BOURBONS, and the celebrated Madame DU CAYLA was almost omnipotent in the councils of LOUIS XVIII.

—Among the last words of the late Secretary FOLGER were these: "I can not give up my work; I have great responsibility; and the people expect me to do my duty."

—An old sailor says of the late Captain "BOB" WATERMAN, who commanded the *Sea Witch* in the days of '49: "I shall never forget how the captain looked as he stood against the rail, giving orders to crowd on every inch of canvas. He was very tall and wiry, with a thin, sharp face, a keen eye, and a cruel smile. 'No trifling with you, my man,' thought I. He had on a blue pilot-cloth coat and waistcoat, with brass buttons and white trousers. His coal-black mustache, waxed and pointed at the ends, gave him a very ferocious appearance. He looked for all the world like a dare-devil pirate. We soon found out that Sunday and Monday were alike on that boat, and that we were in for a dog's life of it. Whipping was kept up through the voyage. Out of a crew of thirty men only four escaped. The fellows were all whipped publicly, too. What for? For nothing but being thrown sprawling on the deck when the ship was rolling in a heavy sea." The captain was a disciplinarian, and he has furnished material for more sea yarns than any other commander who ever trod the quarter-deck.

—Professor ERNST CURTIUS, the historian, director of the Berlin Museum, completed his seventieth year on the 2d of September. He is slender, erect, and of medium height, with clear sparkling eyes, smooth face, and wavy gray hair. His facial expression somewhat resembles that of the actor JOHN MCCULLOUGH. Some of his American friends, notably GEORGE BANCROFT, President FRANKLIN CARTER, of Williams College, and Dr. ROBERT PORTER KEEP, of Williston Seminary, joined with his home friends in presenting him with a bust of himself.

—The Rev. JAMES WESLEY HORNE, LL.D., who was accidently killed while walking on the railroad track near Southport, Connecticut, a few days ago, was a graduate of Wesleyan University, a Biblical scholar, an extensive traveller, an eloquent preacher, a contributor to the periodicals of the Methodist Church, and the founder of the Methodist college in Liberia. The *Christian Advocate* contained some time ago an interesting series of letters from him on the results of his observations in Europe and the Holy Land.

—CETYWAYO's son has abandoned the monarchy for which his father lay so long in captivity. He has given his sanction to the proclamation of a Dutch republic by the Boers.

—The Empress of Austria was walking incognita near Ischl, when she met two little girls returning from school. After some conversation and the distribution of some candy, she bade them good-night. "Good-night, Madame l'Impératrice," replied the elder child. "What, you know me? Why didn't you say so before?" asked the Empress. "Because, madame," was the reply, "I have been taught that in this world one should never know too much." It is reported that the sovereign lady was so impressed by the answer that the clever school-girl will have reason to remember the interview.

—The only famous DELMONICO is our American restaurateur, but in England lives Mr. LEDGER DELMONICO, a lion-tamer of some repute—a slender African, shy, sly, and tall, who never feels nervous when in a cage of lions, tigers, or leopards. For performing purposes he prefers a forest-bred lion to one bred in captivity, and likes to begin training the animal when it is three years old. He has never been badly hurt, having received only a scratch or two, and one deep bite in the arm. The best "lion queen" he ever knew was Miss HELEN BLIGHT, who, while performing at Greenwich some years ago, went into a cage of tigers, and instead of rousing them first, struck a sleeping one with her whip. The infuriated beast caught her dress and pulled her down, while one of his companions leaped to her throat and killed her.

—One of the descendants of the famous Marshal NEY is the Duchess of Persigny, a rich widow. Her extravagant tastes led her to spend $40,000 during a trip to Japan, and $250,000 for a villa at Cannes. Her son has caused her to be legally deprived of the management of her property, being afraid that none of it will be left for him.

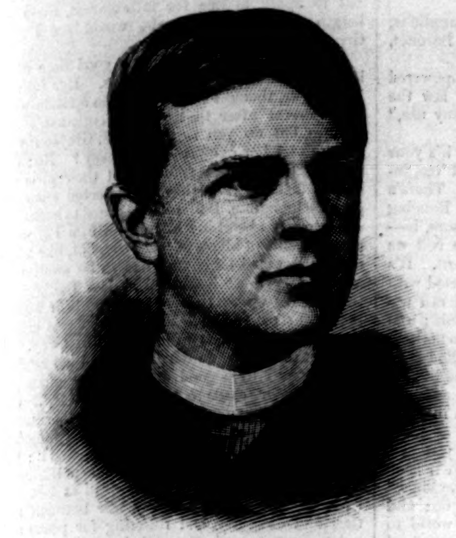
—Mr. JAMES PAYN, the novelist, writes that for thirty years he has noticed that men and women of letters are unequalled for kindness of heart. "I have never known but one absolutely offensive man of letters, and even he was said to be pleasant when sober."

—Two dramatic critics have been discussing the practice of hissing in English theatres. One of them says: "Hiss a piece if necessary, hiss grossness on the stage, hiss whatever deserves to be condemned, but do not continue to hiss a man—dramatist, manager, or actor—because he has once, under the influence of anger or disappointment, been indiscreet." The reference here is to the persons who hissed Mr. IRVING during his speech after a performance at his theatre. The other says: "For some time past it has been the practice of certain young men to say among themselves, 'Hello! there is a new piece on to-night; let's go and guy it; it will be such a lark!'" This conduct, he finds, comes of vanity or conceit, or of the disappointment of baffled "guyers."

—When Mr. IRVING was in this country, his impersonation of Louis XI. was more admired, perhaps, than any other work of his. He has been playing the same part in London again, and according to the *Saturday Review*, with "some slight modifications that are certainly judicious. The hypocrisy of the king is more consistently shown; it is more unconscious, and free from the few touches of extravagance it had previously exhibited. During the inimitable colloquy with Tristan, when Louis, with some dark hints, is communicating to his henchman his scheme to waylay the Burgundian envoy, the Angelus is sounded, and Louis instantaneously passes from his infernal plotting to worship the images that adorn his hat. Here Mr. IRVING substitutes for his former somewhat grotesque humor a natural air of sincerity accordant with his superstitious devotion. The death scene is shorn of none of its terrible naturalism. It is acting of the most transcendent power, the appalling presentment of the life in death personified in COLERIDGE's poem. The force of nature can not go beyond the fearful anguish depicted by the actor when the dying king hears the whispers of the by-standers, and, starting from his stupor, rises ghastly and tremulous to falter his last passionate speech, and falls headlong to the ground. Such a scene provokes the consideration of the æsthetic limitations of art."

—There was a great demonstration in Midlothian, Scotland, on the 31st of August, when Mr. GLADSTONE delivered his great speech on the franchise. The Premier (writes an eye-witness) did not look so well as he often does in the House of Commons on a Monday night after a quiet Sunday spent in the country. He had already gone through the ordeal of receiving an address from the Lord Provost and corporation of the city, and had made a brief speech in acknowledgment. To speak for an hour and forty minutes in the House of Commons is a task which Mr. GLADSTONE has learned to undertake with a light heart. But to speak through that to an audience of 5000 persons in a glass-roofed oblong chamber, built without consideration of acoustics, is quite another thing, as the chairman discovered, and as the mover and seconder of the vote of confidence in the government found to their cost. How Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded was most eloquently expressed by an old Scot who sat in the front row of the Midlothian electors. I noticed from the first his fine, strong, grave face, fringed with hair and whiskers white as snow. I don't suppose he ever laughed in his life, and some of the quiet sadness his face expressed was probably due to pained regret at the unaccountable tendency to cachinnation on the part of others. Not being inclined to lose any advantage, he stood up to look around when his neighbors rose to await Mr. GLADSTONE's entrance. But he did not join in the shouting, much less in the waving of hats—a proceeding which, apart from its meaningless character, is calculated prematurely to wear out valuable property. His eye glistened; once or twice he moistened his lip with his tongue. But he betrayed no other sign of emotion. When the Premier resumed his seat after a glowing peroration, I heard the old gentleman murmur to himself, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Aye, aye, what a laddie!" That was all; but from such a quarter it was a tribute more eloquent than might be elaborated in an hour's speech.

THE CLEVELAND FIRE—VIEW OF THE CONFLAGRATION FROM HOWE STREET.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Photographs and Sketches by J. F. Ryder.—[See Page 617.]



HOWARD A. TAYLOR, WINNER OF ALL COMERS' PRIZE AT NEWPORT.—Photographed by Hargrave & Gubelman.

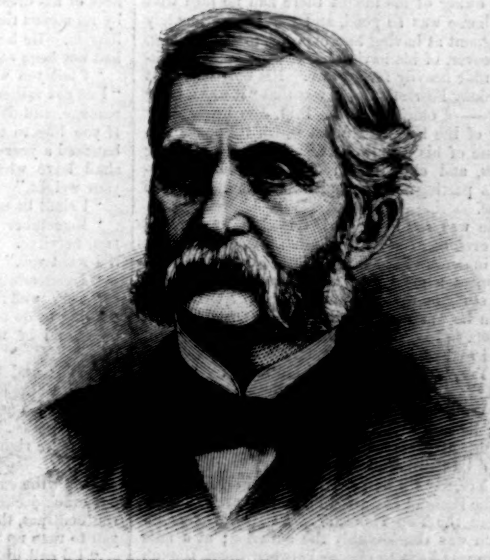
RICHARD D. SEARS, CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CHAMPION IN DOUBLES.—Photographed by Notman.

JAMES DWIGHT, CHAMPION IN DOUBLES. Photographed by Russell & Sons.

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS OF 1884.—[See Page 621.]

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.—Phot. by Bell.—[See Page 621.]

GOVERNOR ROBIE.—Phot. by Lamson.—[See Page 617.]



BANK-PRESIDENT RUNYON.—Phot. by Clark.—[See Page 617.]

"'SIT DOWN, FORREST,' HE SAID, 'AND HAVE A GLASS OF WINE.'"—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 616.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWMARKET.

Jim Forrest has taken up his residence at the Turf Metropolis, and settled down steadily to the profession he has adopted. He has no cause to complain, for he gets a fair share of riding already, and that share is gradually increasing. Still, his practice lies at present amongst the smaller patrons of the turf; and though he is building up a solid reputation of being a safe and capable jockey, who can be depended on to do his horse justice, still his opportunities of distinguishing himself since the Derby have been rare. He won one or two small races at Ascot, but when he took part in the fray for the bigger prizes he generally had something under him that had little or no chance to win. Still, he lived like an anchorite for fear of putting on weight, took lots of exercise, and conscientiously did his best with any animal intrusted to him. Yet so far it did not give much promise of becoming a lucrative profession as far as he was concerned. For his great *coup*, winning the Two Thousand, Cuthbert Elliston had given nothing, and Gerald felt much relieved that it was so. He would rather not take money, even if honestly earned, from the cousin he detested. His brilliant finish in the Derby had been equally unremunerated. The owner of his mount there had no idea that his horse was so good, and was proportionately indignant at having him exposed, to say nothing, moreover, of his having backed the horse Blackton rode heavily for a place. His only comment on young Forrest's riding was that "it was a piece of d——d officiousness." Still, Jim heard daily now of the large gratuities which the more fortunate of his compeers received for winning big races, and cheerfully remembering Bill Greyson's parting words, hoped that his turn would come.

He was returning to his modest apartments one evening after a long stretch across the Heath, for, in default of having any horse to ride gallops, he spent a good deal of his time walking over and studying the different courses at Newmarket, when he was suddenly hailed by a smart-looking groom.

"I say, you're Jim Forrest, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Jim, sententiously. "What next?"

"Well, you're to come up to master's this evening; he wants to see you—Panton Lodge. Sir Marmaduke Martindale, you know. Shall I say you'll be there about nine?"

"Yes, say I'll be there," replied Forrest.

The Baronet had tried his horses pretty highly before the Two Thousand. At six furlongs Pibroch was considerably the superior; at a mile there was little to choose between them, though it was still Pibroch for choice; but from this Sir Marmaduke argued that Bushranger was the better stayer. Both the Newmarket race and the Epsom one thoroughly confirmed that opinion. At Newmarket Bushranger was beaten easily by the Dancing Master; at Epsom he was done a short neck by Comet. In the one place Pibroch finished a bad third, in the other he was beaten for the same situation by Jim Forrest on the outsider Jacobite. From all this the Baronet deduced that the Dancing Master was a rattling good horse. That he had run very badly in the Derby was true; but Sir Marmaduke thought little of that. He was a queer-tempered animal evidently, not always to be relied on; and the Derby day apparently wasn't his day. Now Bushranger might or might not beat Comet in the Leger; it would be a close thing. Pibroch, the Baronet felt quite certain, would never stay the course. His idea was to, if possible, buy the Dancing Master, and then with him to turn the tables on Comet at Doncaster. It was about this matter that he wished to have a talk with Jim.

"Sit down, Forrest," he said, "and have a glass of wine. What shall it be, champagne or claret?"

"I'll take a glass of claret, thank you, sir," rejoined Jim, as he seated himself, though respectfully, yet with a certain easy manner that attracted the attention, not only of Sir Marmaduke, but his two guests. One of these, a wiry little man, with dark, bead-like eyes, and dressed in a single-breasted pepper-and-salt riding coat, with a white cashmere scarf, exquisitely folded, and held together by a plain gold horseshoe pin, was Mr. Pipes, his trainer; the other, a tall, blonde, lazy-looking man, about eight-and-twenty, was Captain Farrington, of "Limmer's Own," as the distinguished Lancer regiment to which he belonged was habitually termed, from its traditional devotion to that hostelry. An imperturbable plunger on race-course or gaming table, perfectly unmoved at either victory or disaster; one whom it took a good deal to move or astonish, innumerable as were the opportunities he gave himself in that direction.

"I want to know, Forrest," said Sir Marmaduke, after he had allowed Jim a minute or two in which to sip his claret, "who owns the Dancing Master. Of course I know he ran in Mr. Elliston's name at Epsom; but he told me when the horse won 'The Guineas' he wasn't his."

"He's Mr. Greyson's, sir."

"What, the trainer's, eh?"

"Yes. Mr. Elliston gave him to Mr. Greyson before the horse won at Newmarket."

"Is he for sale?" inquired Sir Marmaduke.

"I can't say, sir. I believe him to be Mr. Greyson's at this time of speaking."

"Why didn't you ride him in the Derby?" inquired the Baronet, sharply.

"I had left the Riddleton stable, sir, and wasn't asked to take charge of him in the Epsom race."

"How do you account for the display he made there?"

"He wouldn't try, I suppose; he's a queer-tempered one, Sir Marmaduke."

"Ah! well, never mind him. Have you any objection to telling me why you left the Riddleton stable?"

"I can not tell you that," replied Forrest, bluntly.

"You were discharged, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I was sent away for neither misconduct nor incapacity; and if you think it worth while to write to Mr. Greyson, he will, I am sure, give me an excellent character; but I'm afraid, Sir Marmaduke, you can't do much for me. Blackton does all your riding; although, if you could recommend me to some of your friends, I should be obliged."

"Give you a turn myself, Forrest," drawled Farrington, "when you want a little exercise. The four or five I keep in training never win, but are just useful when you want to see a race."

The Captain so far spoke truth. The few he had in training were very moderate, but there was no cleverer hand on the turf in placing horses in small selling races than he was, or anybody who backed them much more heavily than he did.

Sir Marmaduke meanwhile had been musing as to whether there was any truth in the rumor that young Forrest was a gentleman by birth. He noticed the refinement of his manner, the neatness of his dress, and lastly, that his speech was by no means that of the class he affected to belong to. He began to think that rumor for once had not been so very far out.

"I tell you what, Forrest," he said at length, "I've got rather more riding than Blackton can manage, and it is generally strewn about now. If you like to take a moderate retainer—say a hundred a year—to ride the second strings, you shall have what there is of it that lies within your weight."

"I shall be only too glad, Sir Marmaduke."

"Remember that entitles me to first call on your services. You can accept no other mount if I want you."

"I understand it so."

"Very well; then that's a bargain. You've nothing to do now but send Pipes there your address, and be wherever he orders you, ready to ride."

"Yes; and thank you, Sir Marmaduke, once more. Gallops, Mr. Pipes, of course, I shall be too glad also to ride if wanted. I can't have too much practice."

"You're right there, Forrest," said the trainer, breaking silence for the first time. "It's the work on the exercise ground that has made half our crack jockeys. If you like to throw that in the contract, there'll probably be something for you to rasp up most mornings."

"I'll call up, Mr. Pipes; and now, Sir Marmaduke, with many thanks, I'll say good-night. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Mr. Forrest," replied Farrington, without thinking. "By Jove," he said, as the door closed behind Jim, "the fellow made me clean forget he was only a jockey!"

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, "he struck you in that light, did he? So he did me; there's a report, you know, Charlie, that Forrest is only an assumed name, and that the lad is a gentleman by birth. Have you heard anything about it, Pipes?"

"No, Sir Marmaduke; but this chap struck me as a deal better bred 'un than they are mostly. He'd no hair about the heels, so to speak."

"Well, anyhow, I've done no harm by engaging him. From the way he did Blackton on Pibroch out of the place at Epsom, there's no doubt the fellow can ride. And now, Pipes, I'll unfold to you my great conception. I'm going to buy the Dancing Master if I can, and win the Leger with him. Judging it through the Two Thousand running, he ought to beat Comet, as he beat Bushranger much easier at Newmarket than Comet beat him at Epsom."

"So he did, Sir Marmaduke. I should judge him a five pound, if not a seven pound, better horse than Comet."

"Just so, Pipes; and now let me point you out another thing. The Dancing Master runs in Forrest's hands; he don't in those of the next lad who steers him. We know he's a queer-tempered horse. It's just possible Forrest, whom he knows, is about the one jockey he'll run kind with."

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke, I understand your game thoroughly, and I'm not going to say but what it's a good one. Difficulties there'll be, no doubt, even if we do succeed in buying the gray."

"Difficulties?" said the Baronet. "Of what sort, I should like to know?"

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, if you get the horse, I suppose you mean putting Forrest up at Doncaster. Blackton will very likely give trouble about that."

"He will do as he's ordered," said the Baronet, tersely.

"Certainly; but he's engaged as first jockey to the stable, and if you put him up on Bushranger instead of the Dancing Master, he'll say you're not acting fair by him."

"D—n it all! these jockeys are getting a deuced deal too cheeky. Does Blackton think we can't get on without him?"

"I don't know," replied the trainer; "but it would be very difficult to fill his place just now. You can always count off those quite at the top of the tree on your fingers, and of course they all have retainers; and you can only get them if their first master doesn't want them, and he may claim them at the last moment even then. No; it would be awkward if Blackton turned sulky and sent in his jacket."

"They're getting a devilish deal too bumptious, the whole crew of them," retorted the Baronet, moodily.

"By Gad! yes. We ought to be empowered to birch 'em up to eighteen. Sort of law the Jockey Club should pass if they were any use," said Farrington, as he lit a fresh cigar.

"Well, gentlemen," said the trainer, "it's your own fault, a good deal of it; you spoil 'em, instead of keeping them in their places. There's another thing, Sir Marmaduke. The Dancing Master, after the beating he got at Epsom, is—supposing him to be anything like the colt we think he is—at a very nice price at present. It's quite evident that none of those connected with him have any confidence in him. He ran unbacked for the Two Thousand, so I am told; and Broughton tells me the stable had next to nothing on him for the Derby; but the minute he comes into your stable, you may depend on it he will become a great favorite with the public, and you will have great difficulty in backing him to win a good stake."

"Yes, there is something in what you say, Pipes; but I rise to the occasion. We'll keep the buy dark, and leave the horse at Greyson's."

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, that might do; and please remember I've nothing in the world to say against Greyson. A very capable man, and thoroughly understands his work; but there's a very queer lot connected with his stable, and if Greyson hasn't been very much maligned, he's done some queer things in his time. I don't say he *wouldn't* do the horse justice; but then, again, when Doncaster came round, we mightn't find him quite so fit as we should like to see him."

Mr. Pipes had all the jealousies of his calling, and by no means relished the idea of allowing a horse, the property of his master, to remain in the hands of a rival practitioner.

"Pish!" retorted the Baronet; "you're as troublesome to deal with as you say Blackton will be."

"Excuse me, Sir Marmaduke; I willingly acknowledge Greyson's ability. I only put it to you, do you think it advisable to leave the horse in his hands?"

"I should think he would do his best for me, just as I suppose Blackton will see that the Dancing Master is more likely to do his best for Forrest, whom the horse knows, than he is for himself."

"He—he—you'll excuse me, Sir Marmaduke; but the idea that any one can make more of a horse than he can, is the very last that can enter or be got into Blackton's head. No, sir; amongst the leading jockeys there isn't one who don't believe he can give his brethren seven pound; and how much better he is than the smaller fry, the machine's not made that can calculate."

"It's no use discussing these things further now," rejoined the Baronet, rather irritably. "It will be quite time enough to settle all the details when I've bought the horse. There's nothing more to arrange, I think, Pipes?"

"Nothing, I think, Sir Marmaduke. You've done a good bit of business in engaging that lad Forrest. I only hope you'll be as fortunate about your bid for the horse;" and then, in obedience to the Baronet's hint, the trainer rose, and with a quiet "good-night, gentlemen," took his departure, leaving his employer and Charlie Farrington to discuss tobacco and the Racing Calendar till far into the night.

CHAPTER XX.

A SHARP SKIRMISH.

"It is a rather curious discovery this, and I can hardly imagine Cuthbert Elliston behaving as I am told he did to Gerald Rockingham if he knew of the existence of these little bits of paper," muttered Mr. Writson, as he sat in his office before a half-emptied box of papers. "I wonder whether Mr. Elliston is aware of the extent of his liabilities? Anyhow, it is my duty to make him aware of them. It is clearly my business to recover as much of the money as I can, and though rumor says he is a very difficult man to get money from, yet, like a refractory lemon, when you get it in the squeezer, legal proceedings extract what juice there is, as a rule. Elliston must be in funds just now. He had a very good year on the turf, and he's begun by winning one of the big races this year. Men like him fluctuate a good deal, but his affairs should be at the flood at present. He must have supposed that the late Squire destroyed these bills, but even that would hardly account for the exceedingly bitter feeling Gerald tells me he displayed toward them all almost over his father's grave. The only way to account for it is that singular instinct in human nature which always leads us to hate those we have cruelly injured; and from what I gather in these papers Cuthbert Elliston had no little hand in the Squire's ruin. I wish I knew where Mr. Gerald was. I should like to tell him what I propose doing, although his final instructions were comprehensive enough. 'Do the best you can, Writson, and recover all you are able out of the wreck for my mother and sister. As for me, I can take care of myself.'"

Still, Mr. Writson was so anxious to communicate with Gerald before firing his first shot at Elliston that he sent a note down to Mrs. Rockingham to ask for his address. An answer speedily arrived from Ellen to the effect that they had no idea of where he was, nor had they heard from him for some months, and were just as anxious for news as Mr. Writson could be. Miss Rockingham had now become very uneasy at her brother's mysterious silence. Had anything happened to him? What could have become of him? It was so unlike Gerald's conduct of late to keep them in ignorance of his movements. There was but one person she knew of that seemed to be cognizant of them, and reluctant as she felt to apply to her for information, Ellen at length determined that she would see Dollie Greyson if she could.

Dollie had not been having a good time of it latterly at Riddleton by any means. Her father, it was true, thought no more of the episode with Jim Forrest after that young gentleman's departure, but do you suppose Mrs. Greyson was going to let her daughter off so easy? No; the mothers that bore them don't let their girls off in that fashion when they are detected encouraging the ineligible. Dollie was destined to hear allusions to her absorbing interest in Jim Forrest's engagements of all sorts, not daily, but, like a liberally presented tonic, they had to be swallowed about every three hours, till at last Dollie's patience gave way. It is not easy to bear with a persistent nagger, and Mrs. Greyson was gifted beyond the generality of her sex in that way. It was not the first time that Dollie and her mother had differed by a good deal, and the girl's pet refuge under these circumstances was, if she could compass it, always a visit to her uncle Thomas at York. There was often a difficulty about it—Mrs. Greyson violently opposed it; but Dollie was cunning of fence, and persistently started her hare every evening, till at last Bill Greyson, weary of the wordy war between mother and daughter, and thirsting for peace and quietness, autocratically settled the question with a sharp "Pack up your things to-morrow and go, in God's name. I'm sick of this perpetual bickering between you and your mother."

So Dollie speedily found herself once more installed at the shop in Coney Street, and after her wont, taking an occasional turn behind the counter. She kept a keen lookout for Miss Rockingham, being, indeed, quite as anxious to see Ellen as Ellen was to see her. She was not at all dissatisfied with the last passage of arms between them, and held, moreover, this advantage over Gerald's sister. She was in his confidence, while Ellen was not. She knew where he was, what he was doing, what were his hopes, and what prospect there was of realizing them. His last letter, indeed, had told her of his being retained by Sir Marmaduke, and, of course, Dollie thoroughly understood that was another step up the ladder. Bill Greyson's daughter thoroughly understood the prestige an engagement by a big stable conferred upon a young jockey. Then she had implicit faith in her lover, and was of a sanguine temperament, and one of the things she was anxious to accomplish during her visit to York was establishing friendly relations of some sort with Miss Rockingham. She knew that she would have to submit to being treated in a rather patronizing sort of way. Ellen was much too well assured of her family and position ever to trouble her head about it, but her manner to her inferiors, although always suave, was apt to be a little imperious, and Dollie knew that at all events, to start with, Miss Rockingham would regard her in that light, and Dollie, under the circumstances, rather chafed at the idea of not meeting her future sister-in-law on equal terms.

Much to her astonishment, Dollie was interrupted one morning at her piano by an intimation from her uncle that Miss Rockingham was in the shop, and asking to see her. The girl gave one glance at herself in the glass over the fireplace, and that being satisfactory, tripped downstairs to see her visitor.

"I am told you want to see me, Miss Rockingham," said Dollie, as she glided behind the counter. "What can I do for you?"

"I should imagine, Miss Greyson, you could pretty well guess what I was desirous of seeing you about. We have heard nothing of my brother for so long that we are getting anxious about him. Besides, his lawyers wish to communicate with him on business. You professed the last time I saw you to know where he was."

Dollie felt a great inclination to fire up at the term "professed," but she gulped down her indignation, and answered, quietly,

"I know where your brother is, Miss Rockingham, and am very glad indeed to be able to tell you that he is doing right well in his new calling."

"What is he doing?" inquired Ellen, sharply.

"Please don't think me rude," replied Dollie, in her most conciliatory manner, "but I'm pledged to secrecy on that point. I can't tell you—I really can't."

"I can't suppose that any pledge of secrecy you may have given can possibly be looked on as applying to his sister," rejoined Miss Rockingham, loftily.

"I was to tell nobody. I promised him not."

"You promised Gerald not," said Ellen, slowly. "Miss Greyson, is there any place where I could speak to you for five minutes in private?"

"If you would step upstairs, we should not be interrupted," said Dollie, as she motioned to Miss Rockingham to come round the counter, and led the way upstairs.

Dollie once there gave her visitor a chair, and then with a quiet "We shall not be interrupted here, Miss Rockingham," left it for Ellen to begin.

Once more Ellen was no little surprised. "Wherever could the girl have picked it up?" she wondered, but Dollie's easy, self-possessed manner was quite that of a lady receiving an equal. There wasn't a particle of pertness or self-assertion—it was simply the air of a lady accustomed to mix in the best society, and who had been used to receiving morning callers all her life.

"Miss Greyson," said Ellen at length, "are you still resolute in declining to give me my brother's address?"

Dollie nodded in the affirmative.

"If you will give me that, I need trouble you no further, as I could then ask him the questions. I must, if you persist in your refusal, ask him."

"I can not give it you, Miss Rockingham,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

without his consent, but I will write, if you like, to him for permission, and tell him what you say about the lawyers' requiring it."

"Would you mind explaining to me how it is you are so deep in my brother's confidence?" said Ellen, looking her young hostess straight in the face.

Dollie flushed a little, and hesitated a moment before she replied:

"I don't know. It is, perhaps, always difficult to say why people give you their confidence. I can only say I know your brother very well, Miss Rockingham, and he has given it."

"You are evading my question. We come back to where we were some time ago. You don't suppose that ring and a boy's idle gallantry mean anything? If you are deluding yourself with any dream of that sort, it is only charitable to awaken you in good time. A flirtation with my brother, including an underhand correspondence, believe me, Miss Greyson, will do your reputation no good."

"How dare you say such things to me?" cried Dollie, with her cheeks in a flame and her eyes flashing. "You know nothing of what terms your brother and I may be on."

"The better they are, the worse they are for you," retorted Ellen, sententiously.

"Miss Rockingham," said Dollie, mastering her temper by a violent effort, "Gerald—I mean your brother—never uttered word to me that a girl need be ashamed to listen to."

"Perhaps not," replied Ellen; "still, nothing but trouble can come of it. That a Rockingham should marry a girl in your station is, of course, impossible."

Dollie shot a wicked glance at her tormentor. "And yet, methinks, I have read the legend of the Lord of Burleigh," she retorted.

"Yes," retorted Ellen, tartly; "and we have heard of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. *They* were rash enough to marry out of their class, and make fools of themselves; but gossip might have told you that *we* are ruined; besides, perhaps you may remember that in the ballad of the Lord of Burleigh the young lady never felt quite comfortable in her new position:

> 'But a trouble weighed upon her,
> And perplexed her night and morn
> With the burthen of an honor
> Unto which she was not born.'

You, Miss Greyson, will be marrying family, but certainly not property."

"What have I ever done to you, Miss Rockingham, that you should taunt me in this fashion? Upon what terms your brother and I stand exactly you don't know, and from me never will know. I will give him your message; and I fancy now there is no more to be said between us;" and as she spoke, Dollie rose, drew herself up, and clearly indicated by her manner that the interview was at an end.

To say that Ellen was nonplussed would faintly express Miss Rockingham's feelings. She was much too polished of fence to show it, but she could not conceal from herself that she, Ellen Rockingham, had been put down quietly by this chit of a trainer's daughter whom she had intended to patronize. There was nothing left for her but to retreat in good order. She bid Miss Greyson a haughty farewell, and reflected, as her hostess courteously marshalled her down-stairs, not only that she had taken very little by her visit, but that the probability was Gerald was very deeply compromised with Dollie Greyson. Dollie, too, was almost as much dissatisfied with the result of the interview as her visitor. She had meant to be conciliatory; she had tried to do her best in that direction; but she felt that, far from doing that, she had simply incurred that young lady's disdain and dislike—that Ellen now regarded her as a designing hussy whose head was turned at the idea of marrying a gentleman, and who failed to realize what a hopelessly bad speculation Gerald was as a husband.

"There is only one bit of consolation," murmured Dollie, as she soothed her nerves with a cup of tea—"I think I've established us both on the same platform at last; we have, perhaps, a better chance of becoming friends that way than any other. I wish I had kept my temper; but that Gerald could only regard me as a toy to amuse his leisure hours was more than flesh and blood could bear. Gerald shall scold me as much as he likes, but to be lectured by his sister because he has fallen in love with me is trying a girl rather too hardly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLEVELAND FIRE.

During the night of Sunday, the 7th inst., the beautiful city of Cleveland was visited by one of those terrible and devastating conflagrations that defy human effort to check them, and pursue their awful way until exhausted by lack of fuel or terminated by natural bounds. The fire broke out at seven o'clock on that pleasant Sunday evening, in the lumber district of the city, on the north side of the Cuyahoga River, and by daylight fifty acres of lumber and a dozen business establishments, besides cars, fire-engines, and other valuable property, had been wholly destroyed. The loss reaches up into the millions, and the fire was the most disastrous that has ever visited Cleveland. The thirteen steam fire-engines belonging to the Cleveland fire department were assisted in their struggle against the all-devouring flames by fire-engines from Toledo, Sandusky, Akron, Columbus, Painesville, and Delaware; and the 250 trained firemen on the ground were joined in the fight by a force of 2000 energetic amateurs. Had the breeze that blew during the earlier hours of the conflagration increased in strength, or even continued, the destruction of a large portion of the city must have resulted. At one time the situation was deemed so serious that the riot alarm was sounded by the fire-bells, and a strong force of militia was called out to assist the firemen in their unequal struggle. Several of the Cleveland fire-engines were nearly ruined by the fierce heat of the flames, and two of them were sunk in the river to preserve them from total destruction. The loss to the Cleveland fire department alone amounts to many thousands of dollars, while the total loss of property foots up to about two millions. Many casualties are reported, but no deaths, and about two thousand men are thrown out of employment.

As the burning material consisted almost entirely of huge stacks of the most inflammable pine lumber, the progress of the flames was rapid almost beyond comprehension, the heat intense, and the sight afforded the thousands of spectators was grand beyond description.

On page 614 will be found illustrations of the terrible scene, prepared from sketches made on the spot.

GOVERNOR ROBIE.

The gentleman who has just been elected Governor of Maine for a second term is already well known for his public services. Graduating from Bowdoin in 1841, he entered the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and at the outbreak of the war was appointed Paymaster by President Lincoln. For his services in this capacity he was rewarded on the restoration of peace by the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Governor Robie is a man of more than average culture, and possesses a thorough practical knowledge of the business interests of his State. He has been seven times elected to the Maine House of Representatives, was Speaker thereof in 1872 and 1876, and during the terms of several Governors was Chairman of the Council. His re-election to his high office is a proof of the estimation in which he is held by the citizens among whom he has labored so long.

WISCONSIN STATE TROOPS IN CAMP.

The recent encampment of the State troops of Wisconsin just outside the city pervaded Milwaukee with a military fever that raged violently during the five days that the camp was maintained. The carefully prepared programme of exercises for each day, beginning on a Tuesday and ending with the following Friday, was successfully carried out, and the thousands of visitors to the camp had every reason to be proud of their citizen soldiery. On Wednesday and Thursday competitive prize drills attracted immense throngs of spectators, and aroused great enthusiasm. The competitors were the Detroit City Grays, the Janesville City Guards, the Appleton Light Infantry, and the Evergreen City Guards of Sheboygan. Of a possible ten points, and in the order named, the several teams scored 8.9, 8.1, 8.0, and 6.8. The prize of individual badges, therefore, goes to Detroit, while the company jewel, awarded as second prize, will lend splendor to the Janesville Armory.

On Thursday evening occurred the first brigade dress parade held by Wisconsin State troops since the war. It was a momentous affair for those concerned, and all breathed more freely when the reviewing officer, Colonel Charles King, U.S.A., complimented the regimental officers highly, and stamped the evolutions with his hearty encomiums. As Colonel King is one of the leading military tacticians in the country, and was General Upton's assistant in preparing the latter's *Tactics*, praise from him means more than it would from almost any other man, and the Wisconsin soldiers have reason to feel elated.

The street parade on Thursday morning, although somewhat marred by rain, was conducted with a commendable precision and observance of details, and the sham battle of Friday was a brilliant and intensely exciting affair.

PRESIDENT RUNYON.

Mr. Mahlon Runyon, whose death by his own hand has deepened the tragic gloom which hangs over the failure of the New Jersey National Bank, was a member of a highly respected and widely spread New Jersey family of Huguenot descent. He was a little over fifty years of age, and began his business career at fifteen in New Brunswick. In 1843 he started on his own account in the coal trade, which he left in 1856 to become a grain merchant. After eleven years of successful industry he retired with a considerable fortune, and ultimately became the president of the ill-fated institution whose downfall he could not survive. The esteem in which he was held, the supposed integrity of his character, and his known wealth gave confidence to those who trusted to the unfortunate bank, and even after the suicide of the cashier, on the 4th of September, his name tended to allay the panic. Mr. Runyon leaves a son and three daughters.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FAIR.

Despite the intense heat which for many days together caused great suffering to the live stock, and doubtless occasioned the withholding of some tardy exhibits and the withdrawal of others, the thirtieth State fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, which opened on the 8th of September, to continue until the 20th, is in some respects of unprecedented excellence.

The early days of September gave to Philadelphia and its suburbs an almost embarrassing cluster of attractions. The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Electrical Exhibition, the meeting of the mining engineers, and the convention of electrical engineers, the three days' centennial celebration at Norristown, beginning the 9th of September, of the establishment of Montgomery County, were all centres of attraction. Yet the exhibition of the Keystone State's agricultural industries certainly has held its own among them.

The grounds selected comprise about thirty acres in the apex of the triangle formed at Broad and Lehigh avenues by the Pennsylvania and the Reading railroads, well known as Germantown Junction; and as they have been leased for ten years, with a view to an annual fair, an appearance of unusual stability is apparent in the various buildings and inclosures, while each successive gathering will witness additions to the conveniences. This year's prize list aggregates more than $40,000, exclusive of the medals, diplomas, and ribbons, and there is a large force of employés.

To the display of live stock must be awarded the first honor of mention in the show, more particularly as the animals were greatly distressed by the continuous and excessive heat coming after long railroad journeys. Constant spongings and dousings of the horses and pigs were required, and coopfuls of fowls and pigeons were taken away in a bedraggled condition. Yet with these disadvantages the display of animals and poultry is, nevertheless, unusually good. There is a fine show of stallions, the best ever made at a Pennsylvania State fair, including scores of the now well-known draught horses of Normandy. Contrasting with Mr. Dahlman's Norman stallions and brood-mares, and with the Clydes and Percherons of others, are Mr. Keefer's Suffolk Punches and the diminutive Shetland ponies to amuse the youngsters, while thorough-bred racers were not wanting. The well-known Lafferty and Scattergood stables are in strong force, the former exhibiting a venerable specimen of equine fame in old Ethan Allen Junior, aged thirty-four, the first colt of his illustrious sire. There is also a four-year-old Messenger Pilot, with plenty of the blood of old Messenger in him. Lucy Patchen, a granddaughter of the renowned George M., is also at this gathering of celebrities, which is so well suited to the Quaker City's weakness for inquiring who your father is.

And speaking of blue blood, we are at once led to turn to the cattle exhibit because General Pleasonton, of cavalry and color fame, has put up on the grounds an argumentative or demonstrative frame structure, with alternate small panes of blue and white glass, to illustrate his well-known theory of development. The fine roan colt Thor, the Alderney bull Bellerophon, and various Jersey or Durham cattle and Chester pigs, sedulously hedged in with blue glass influences from infancy, show that azure or other advantages have done them good. It would require a column to particularize the entries of Alderneys, Jerseys, Guernseys, Short-horns, Holsteins, Devons, and Ayrshires, amounting to several hundred, by well-known raisers. Two Maryland exhibits, Mrs. Lewis's bull, Black Prince of Meudon, bought for $16,000, and Princess Second, a great butter yielder, who is said to have attracted an offer of $26,000 for herself and $10,000 for her young calf, may be especially mentioned. The society furnishes a liberal supply, we may here note, of hay for horned stock and horses, besides straw for bedding, and green food for milch cows. The competition is open to all nations.

The swine and sheep are illustrious by quality rather than quantity. Of the former, Joe, a delicate hog, christened, perhaps, in honor of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, lay gasping during the time when the Weather Bureau's predicted cold wave evaporated with heat on the way from Manitoba, under the fleshly responsibility of 850 pounds. A Berkshire sow added five to her family, in one fell swoop, on a fine morning soon after the fair opened. What with Cheshires, Chester Whites, Jersey Reds, Poland Chinas, and Berkshires, the show is good, though we must call it small. A sow with eleven pigs deserves a diploma for good intentions. Southdowns and other sheep show excellence rather than numbers.

Poultry is finely represented in this show—better than ever before. The fancy breeds are all here, and a display of Chinese silver and golden pheasants is noticeable. The pigeons are present also in many varieties, as are the rabbits and Guinea-pigs. The bee tent, provided by the Philadelphia Bee-keepers' Association, is an attractive exhibit of the methods of making honey. The Philadelphia Kennel Club makes an exceedingly fine show of dogs. The list of entries is very great, and includes many of the champions and five full packs of fox-hounds.

Of miscellaneous wares and farm tools we need not speak, as every State fair shows them. The Brobdingnagian squash and the gigantic cabbage are in their glory. But the floral exhibits by the crack gardeners of Philadelphia deserve more respectful mention. Not since 1880 has the State fair been held at Philadelphia, but now with the prospective element of permanency it bids fair to become every year a greater success.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The sculptors of Berlin have decided that the statue of General Von Goehen shall be made without spectacles, and they have said, as a law for themselves and for such others as will accept it, that spectacles are not good in statuary. One may be permitted to think that that would depend. Peter Cooper without his spectacles would be as intolerable as Peter Stuyvesant without his wooden leg; and, again, it might be unwise to include the single eyeglass in a heroic statue of a contemporaneous Englishman destined to be set up in Trafalgar Square.

There is something a bit surprising in the idea of taking men from the cold of Manitoba to share in an expedition up the Nile; but Lord Wolseley has faith in the North American voyageur and his birch-bark canoe, and by the last advices 500 of these hardy backwoodsmen were at Montreal, ready to sail for England on their way to the relief of General Gordon at Khartoom.

President Robinson of Brown University expresses a desire to have base-ball games so regulated as to permit the other college studies to go on at the same time. He thinks that fair play for the whole curriculum is no more than may reasonably be asked.

Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail have been done in wax. It is even startling to reflect that no degree of civilized or barbaric dignity or splendor can escape being made into a "figger."

The Rev. W. P. David, of Sullivan County, is held up to the contemplation of mankind as a preacher who earns his salary. Each Sunday he makes a round, preaching in three places, of which the first is twenty-one miles from his home, the second eight miles from the first, and the third four miles from the second and twelve miles from the place whence he started, which he reaches at midnight, having left it at half past three o'clock in the morning. The salary which admiring commentators say is "earned" by this exhaustive process is $200 a year.

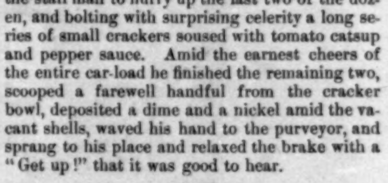
Lulu Hurst was the first of a run of magnetic girls. The pioneer magnetic boy is announced from Lynchburg, Virginia. He ruined a heavy oak table belonging to his father, and afterward "literally tore a large dining-room table," also belonging to his father, "into fragments, while several men were working with all their might to wrest it from him." The temper of the father, who is a patient and long-suffering man, is said to have a limit which is on the verge of being reached.

This is the season of the year when actresses of various grades arrive from European countries and tell the American people what an exceedingly fine lot of men, women, and children they are. Such unanimity is very flattering.

Research as to the origin of the word *microbe* shows that it was used by M. Charles Sedillot, of Strasburg, in February, 1878, in a paper on the application of M. Pasteur's discoveries to surgery. In his reply Pasteur used the word twice, and thereafter it was used frequently by scientific writers. It is believed that Sedillot was the first to use it.

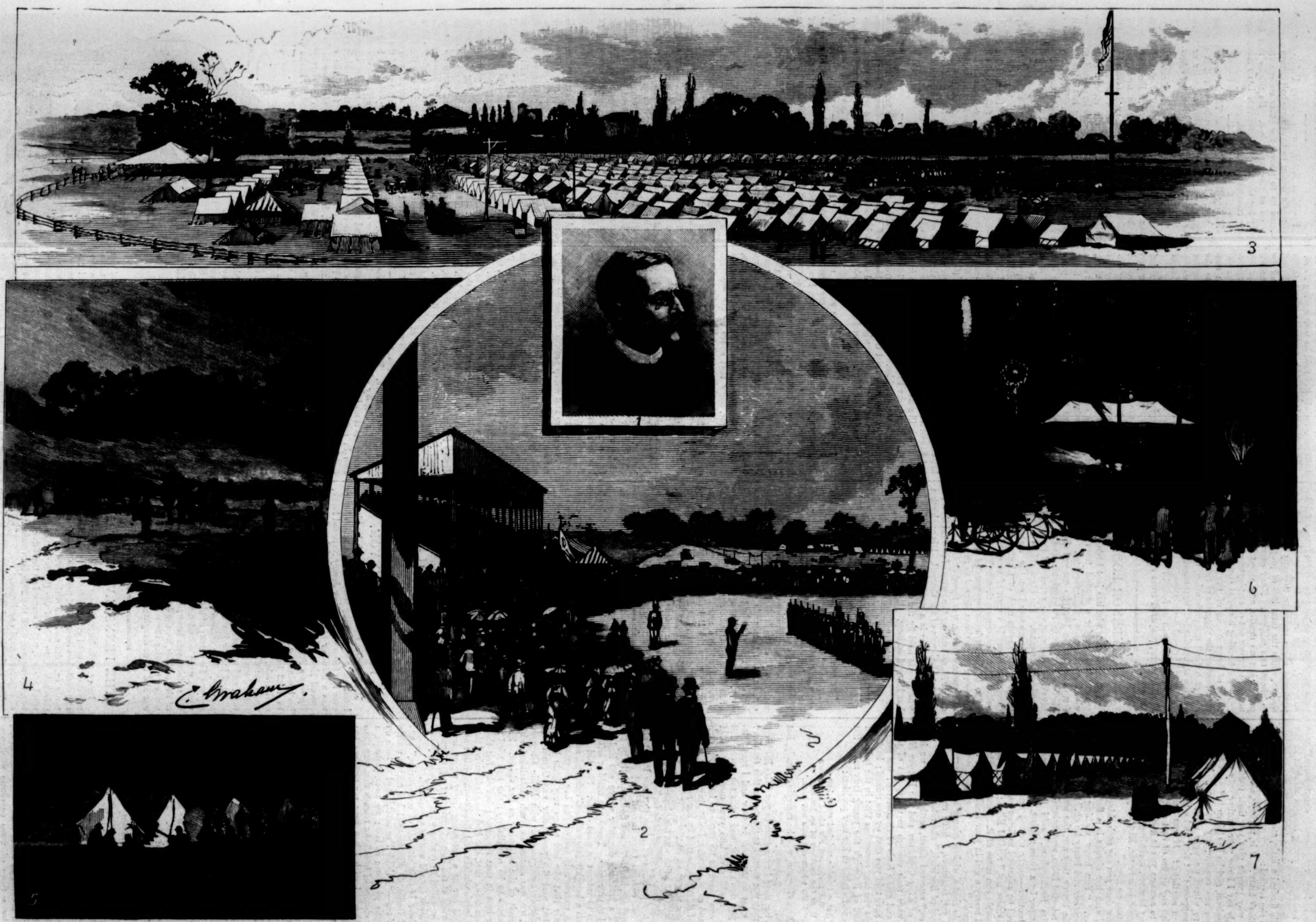
In the Stamp Bureau of the Post-office Department at Washington is a little instrument that is used for measuring the thickness of sheets of paper. It is useful in determining the quality of the stock put into envelopes and other stationery by contractors with the government. The unit of measurement is a sixteen-thousandth of an inch. While exhibiting it to an inquisitive reporter, the chief of the bureau demonstrated that a hair from his head was about twenty sixteen-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and a hair of his mustache was thirty sixteen-thousandths of an inch thicker.

A horse-car sailing up Chatham Street at three o'clock of a recent morning came to anchor suddenly, and remained stationary for so long a period that the curiosity of the passengers became aroused. They noticed the absence of the driver from the platform, and peered this way and that in the endeavor to see where he had gone. The conductor, when questioned, expressed the belief without equivocation that he had gone to get a drink. But he seemed a very long time in the accomplishment of so easy and simple a process as that; and the passengers had given up speculation, and were beginning to utter jeers and catcalls, when one of them chanced to glance at a neighboring open-air oyster stand, and there saw the driver in the flare of a turpentine torch urging the stall man to hurry up the last two of the dozen, and bolting with surprising celerity a long series of small crackers soused with tomato catsup and pepper sauce. Amid the earnest cheers of the entire car-load he finished the remaining two, scooped a farewell handful from the cracker bowl, deposited a dime and a nickel amid the vacant shells, waved his hand to the purveyor, and sprang to his place and relaxed the brake with a "Get up!" that it was good to hear.



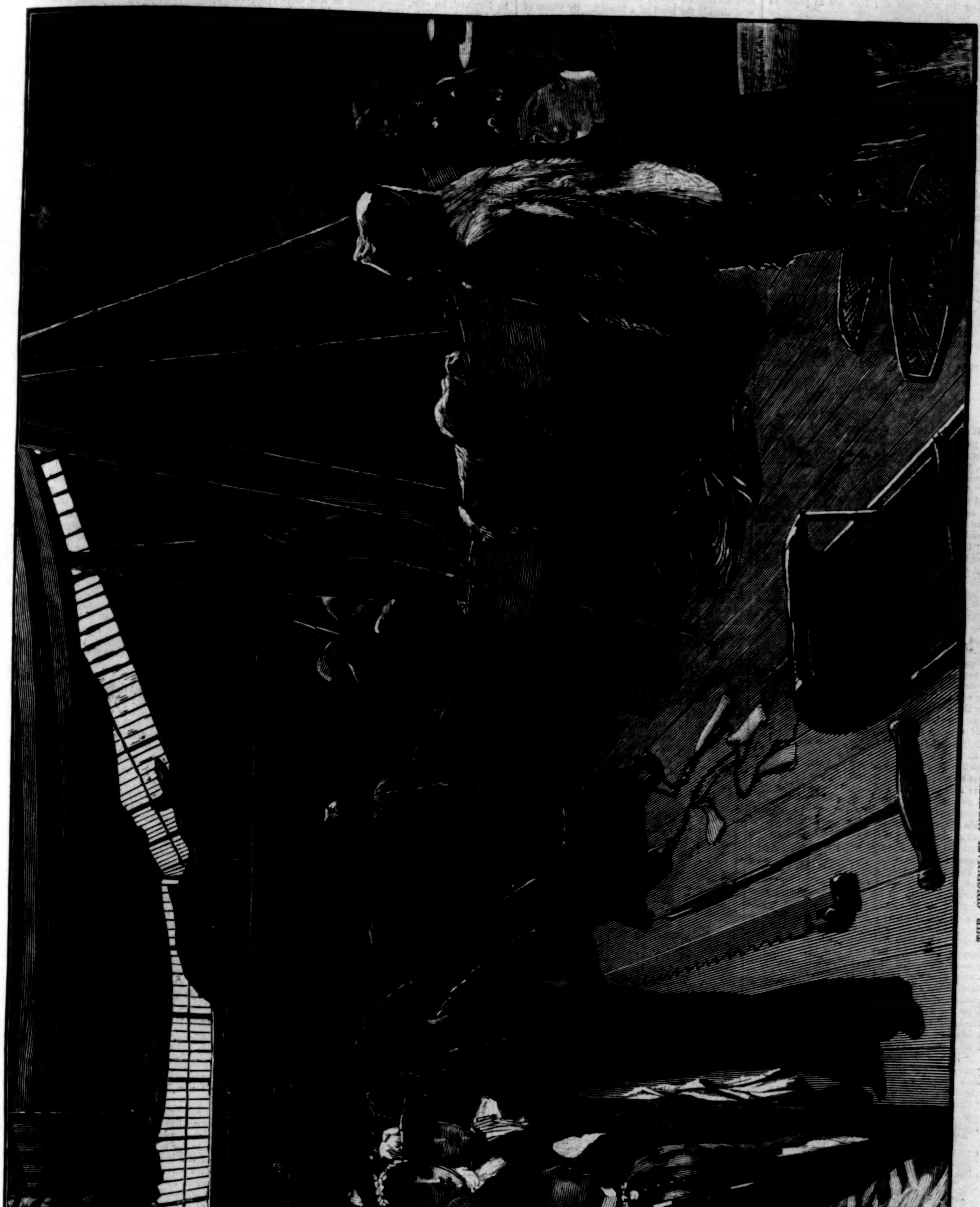
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Conductor. "Here! I don't take Trade Dollars."
Passenger. "Well, then, give it to the *company*."



1. Captain Charles King, U.S.A. 2. Drilling for Prizes. 3. The Camp. 4. Sham Battle. 5. Social Camp Fire. 6. Fire-Works. 7. A Street in the Camp.

THE WISCONSIN STATE TROOPS—REUNION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD AT MILWAUKEE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 617.]



THE CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 621.]

SUPPLICANTS.

STRONG in his newly forged mail, sober and firm
is the slave;
Sleeping the war-dogs all; foes are at peace in
the grave;
Yet is a prize to win, still a danger to brave.
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful
country Corruption.

Maidens laugh upon men; homes rise high on
the lea;
Woods keep tenderly guard; winds are fair on
the sea;
Lo! with her wealth of fruit, Harvest in majesty!
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful
country Corruption.

Fear not a foeman without who comes with
cuirass and gun,
Hordes by an iron-mouthed death for hungry
monarchs undone;
Tremble at mean, small men, whose aims are
hidden from sun.
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful
country Corruption.

C. DE KAY.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SPELL-BOUND.

WHEN, indeed, did the thing we live for come to pass after expected fashion? He was planning the day's business over his early cup of coffee, when a servant knocked at the door with a hurried message.

"A lady who had arrived late last evening, and was about to continue her journey at once," he said, "wanted to consult the English gentleman as to the best means of getting to London. Would the Herr speak to her for five minutes?"

"Certainly," was Arthur's prompt reply, as he rose to follow the lad.

A moment before, his mind had been occupied with a sketch he wanted to finish that morning. Wholly thrown off his guard by the matter-of-fact summons, he was now prepared to meet some country-woman, intrepid, cheery spinster, returning from a solitary trip to Iceland, perhaps even some stray acquaintance, since he knew how many women, and each and all indefatigable travellers. The one woman who had entirely engrossed his thoughts during the past three weeks, whose future had been such a matter of delicious concernment to him, strange that for the moment she should be utterly forgotten!

Great, then, was his astoundment to find himself without any warning in her presence, suddenly brought face to face with her as with any ordinary human being. The situation had evidently changed; that he saw at a glance. There was no more need for mystery and disguise. She was free to confer with him, to make her plans, to go whither she would. There were travellers' belongings scattered about the room, a reticule with silver clasps here, a bundle of plaids there, and as she sat in hat and cloak, ready for immediate departure, she was busily turning over the pages of a guide-book.

Taken aback as he was, Arthur could but note how beautifully these things became her—the black felt hat with its broad brim, simple and dignified as in an old picture, the plain black silk pelisse bordered with dark fur, making graceful lines. She was very pale, but the expression of listless resignation, almost of passive despair, had given way to a look of proud, passionate self-assertion. Weakness had never been stamped on that rare physiognomy, rather a disdainfulness of suffering for suffering's sake, a challenge of relentless fate to do its very worst. Now the woman predominated over the victim, the haughty spirit over the outraged heart. The crisis she had passed through had left her at least mistress of herself.

"I have made up my mind to go at once to your country," she said, with a steady downright look and an unfaltering voice. Arthur was for the first time realizing the sweetness of her voice. "Can you think of some good woman who will give me shelter whilst I seek how best to gain my bread?"

"That I readily undertake to do," Arthur answered, straightway producing his pocket-book. "But you look much too wearied to undertake such a journey immediately. Rest at least one day."

There was something about Arthur Venning to inspire confidence under any circumstances—the easy initiative of the well-bred man, the pleasantness and *savoir-faire* of the man of the world, lastly the alertness to help those weaker than himself, which is the next best thing to downright heroism. And just such ready help and confident counsel she stood in need of, her look said, so wistful yet so deprecatory of anything approaching to officiousness or sentiment, so full of appeal to all that was single-minded and noble in this new friend.

"I could stay a little; I am free to go or come," she answered, hesitatingly. Then, as if determined that he should understand her position, "If I have not a friend in the world, at least I have hardly an enemy."

"Be guided by me, then, and take a little rest. We will consult together as to your journey and your prospects in England. And do not call yourself friendless. In accepting my help you make me your friend."

She glanced at him with a look of inquiry. It occurred to her on a sudden that this kindly, delicate-minded young Englishman had a wife, was already the head of a family. By virtue of such a position he now assumed this air of almost brotherly protectiveness. Arthur made haste to explain himself.

"Those who travel much," he said, in the same easy, agreeable voice, "can seldom make a journey without being able to render a little service to somebody, and such chance-made acquaintances may well ripen into friendship. Your country-people, indeed, have coined a word for this pleasant relationship—*Reisefreundschaft*—travelling friendship."

"It is kind of you to take so much trouble about me. I will not prove ungrateful," she answered, smiling sadly. "I have a good voice. When your friends get up concerts for charitable purposes I will sing for them."

"Endowed with a fine voice, your way in my country will be easy indeed," Arthur said, eagerly. "There is no gift more appreciated."

She looked round the room, and her eyes lighted on a piano. "I will try to summon up courage, and let you judge of my singing. It used to be much admired," she said. "And I should be glad to earn money. I want it not for myself, but for others."

"I should, of course, have an opportunity of appraising your talents before I recommend them to strangers. By all means let me hear you sing by-and-by. First let us plan your journey."

He straightway wrote a short letter introductory to his old acquaintance, the music mistress, and handed it to her with his own card.

"You will be in good hands, at any rate, for a time," he said, "and on my return to London I am sure of being able to find you pupils. There are really no difficulties to appall you. Now for your route."

She handed him the guide-book, and he pencilled an itinerary on the fly-leaf, carefully adding a note or two that might be useful in case of need, the name of a friendly English banker at Hamburg, who was begged to render any service the bearer might require. The address of a kindly landlady at another stage of the journey. Finally, in the most considerate and delicate way possible, he threw out a hint as to the expense. Was she amply provided with money? Had she not better take an English bank-note or two for use on first arrival? It would be so easily repaid after his return. And when his mind had been set at ease on that score, and every detail of the journey gone into, conversation took another turn. Mention of a certain artistic city she was to pass through led to the discussion of a work of art with which it had been recently enriched. For a few minutes the pair forgot everything else in their artistic enthusiasm. How can a single sentence reveal the intellect that makes the man or woman what they are! The few eager utterances Arthur now heard indicated to him that insight into art as rare as the creative faculty itself. He hearkened to one who regarded art as no bright envelope thrown over sordid human existence: rather a transformation of existence itself, rendering splendid and pure what was otherwise circumscribed and mean. This little digression, brought about by mention of a newly disinterred Greek statue, smoothed matters wonderfully. Arthur felt as much at ease now as if he were discussing Wagner or Rossetti with some intimate woman friend wearing the last æsthetic costume over five-o'clock tea in Belgravia. But he heard no woman in Belgravia—indeed, in all the world—at all to be compared to this one. There was a distinction combined with the most entire simplicity, a naïve yet passionate eagerness about things intellectual, a whole heartedness and transparency, quite apart from the well-trained and perhaps slightly artificial culture of the women he made friends of in London circles. Then the matchless voice. Rich, sweet, pathetic, and dissimilarly toned, it might almost have consoled the blind for the face they could not see. They had talked thus for half an hour, when she said, cheerfully, putting off her hat and cloak:

"I think I could sing to you now. I am so happy at the prospect of earning money in rich, generous England."

She sat down to the piano and played the opening phrases of a well-known accompaniment to one of Beethoven's famous songs, with easy, well-reined-in fervor. The born musician straightway proclaimed herself: not a trace of effort, not a strained accentuation, yet nothing slurred over that the composer intended to be there. So far the performance was flawless. Arthur's trained ear and true feeling for music generally were to be much further gratified. No sooner did the sweet, strong, passionate voice fill the place than everything else in the wide world seemed dwarfed and dwindled to nothingness. As much of existence as has deepest meaning was now made vocal in a song—a song, moreover, that seemed made for this especial voice, although it had been sung by every cantatrice of European celebrity. And for a brief spell the rapturous consciousness of power exhilarated the singer, translated the stricken woman into a wild, gladsome spirit. The lendings of personality and circumstance dropped off. She was no longer herself, but something brighter, more felicitous; something that had no taint of mortality or earth about it; something she would fain, escaping bodily encumbrance, remain forever.

But the spell worked not long. A skylark's exuberant carol is not sooner hushed near the fallow than this exuberant mood passed away. The voice faltered, the trembling fingers slid from the keys. She quitted the piano, and hid her face in her hands.

"Old memories come back to me," she murmured. "'Tis a song my father loved."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE.

ARTHUR let her weep a little, yet lingered, offering a stray word or two of encouragement. In England, he said, there would be less to remind her of the past. The bustle and animation of London were the best possible medicine for a mind given overmuch to retrospection. And we must all take heart, he added. As for her singing, it was of a kind that needed no praise. On the score of making her way, then, she need have no uneasiness.

"You are very kind," she answered, having quickly dried her tears, "and there are kind people everywhere. It is foolish of me to dread the future."

"Nor need you dread the journey either," Arthur said, kindly. "My friend will meet you on arriving in London. Everything shall be made as easy as possible."

Still seeing a look of hesitancy and reluctance in her face, he went on: "I shall leave this island myself soon. I may even overtake you on the road, and be able to help you through the most troublesome stage of your journey." Then, growing painfully eager, he said, "Anyhow we shall meet in October; I must be back by that time."

Still the same look of misgiving, the same silence. Was she beginning to distrust him also, to see in his alacrity to help a less welcome motive than common charity? Was she on the verge of dreading his very chivalrousness, his devotion? Such a thought was not to be entertained for a moment. Throughout this interview he had been exercising self-mastery, determined in the least little thing to betray no other motive but prosaic way-side benevolence. Even with regard to her singing he had kept back any approach to warm admiration. For a time, at least, she must see in him an ordinary well-doer, nothing more.

But when he saw her overcome, as he thought, by a sense of dire forlornness, sad and helpless in her matchless beauty as any common woman, he was momentarily thrown off his guard. The impulse to console became irresistible.

"If you really feel timid about this undertaking, I will precipitate my own departure to escort you," he said.

That was his first blunder. To English and American ears such a proposal might seem free from forwardness, much less impertinence. Arthur forgot that he was addressing no confident, much-travelled country-woman, no fair, free-and-easy Yankee, equally ready to take him in hand. He was speaking to a German girl, imbued with very different notions from her cradle upward, and who under any circumstances would have resented an initiative of this kind. But it was not an apparent violation of social etiquette that now made his listener's pale cheeks glow and eyes flash. Rendered morbidly alive to anything that should wear the look of disrespect or slight, she had no word to say, too sad, too dejected, for scorn, she heard him out.

In his intense anxiety to soothe and cheer her, he also entirely misread his companion's mood, wrongly interpreting the pensive questioning, the passiveness, the almost agonized look of doubt. So he blundered on from bad to worse.

"I must soon be returning, anyhow," he went on. "Why should I not render you such small service?"

Then beguiled by the changing expressions of the face he had been studying as in a picture, desperately fascinated by her beauty, and unmindful of all the collectedness and reserve he had imposed on himself, he added, in a voice shaken with eagerness, "Accord me the right to protect you."

The words were hardly out of his lips when he realized how utterly they were misread. He would never forget that look as long as he lived. Till a moment before she had smiled upon him out of very gratitude and fullness of heart—smiled upon him as if he had been kinder and better than mere mortal, almost akin to the angels in his tenderness and pity.

Now she turned away as from some vile thing, the bitterest enemy a forlorn creature could have. The trembling lips moved, but no utterance came, and well was it for Arthur that she did not utter the word he might have found hard to forgive, that, certes, she could never have forgiven herself.

She was leaving him thus, not contempt alone, but despair written in her face—a despair new since yesterday—when Arthur proudly, even scornfully, finished his sentence. "Be my wife," he said.

The unspoken abhorrence and deprecatory look did not vanish all at once: first doubt gradually made its appearance in their place, next a feeling of bewilderment, last came sweet ineffable assurance. She sat down, trembling from head to foot.

"Would you marry me, a fallen thing?" at last she said, in a low voice. "May one man's generosity attain the measure of another's meanness?"

Said Arthur, stoutly: "There is a church on this island, and a wedding ring can cross the sea. As I stand before Heaven, I am ready to make you my wife now and here."

"Why would you marry me?" she asked, in the same sweet, plaintive tone. "Can it be my poor beauty or my misfortunes, admiration that moves you or sweet pity?"

Again Arthur spoke out with manful fervor. "Does an honest man marry a woman for any reason but one? I would make you my wife because I love you."

"Oh!" she cried, "do not let us use that word. In my ears it has a baneful sound. There must be a better feeling than love born of compassion like yours, such gratitude as mine."

"What matters the word?" retorted Arthur, at every step put on the defensive. "A man can but honor a woman in one way, be it admiration, pity, what you will, that prompts him." Then he held out his hand and repeated the words. "Let me make you my wife, on this island, and as soon as may be."

A light came into her beautiful eyes, first of sad retrospection, then of joyful looking forward. Gradually sorrow seemed to drop from her as a garment, and hope was there to take its place, radiant yet subdued, beautifying past power of words to describe. But for a while the tears lingered as rain-drops on a flower opening to the sunshine after storm.

"My mother died of a broken heart, my father is mad in the spital, and all through me," she murmured. "I can not bring her back again, but I think if I went to my father, with a brave man by my side, and showed him my wedding ring, he might understand. His reason would perhaps come back again. Who knows? Heaven is very merciful."

Then she wiped away her tears, and went on in the same soft, pathetic voice:

"What joy that would be! For madness is worse than death. The dead are at rest, but my poor father never ceases to grieve for his lost daughter, his pride, his darling. Sometimes he curses me with fearful ravings, they say, and sometimes he cries like a child, reproaching me pitifully and tenderly. And my dear, dear sisters, homeless, looked down upon, what joy for them to have me back again! for the wedding ring will make all things right," she said, between laughing and crying, and kissing the hand that clasped her own. "Who will dare to flout the Englishman's wife?"

Arthur smiled proudly and approvingly. "Who indeed?" his face said.

"Is it not wonderful to think of the good one human being can do another?" she went on, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "You have crossed my path to save me from despair, and be my guardian angel, but the good will not stop there. Is not all doing good since Christ set the example a kind of expiation, an atonement for the sins of others? You will hold me all the dearer for having so befriended me, and will be better and happier too. Oh!" she cried, with sudden light beaming from the beautiful eyes, "if to do wrong is such darkness and woe, what must the brightness and joy of conscious rectitude be like?"

"Nay," said Arthur, in quite a humble yet aggrieved voice, "you set me up too high. I ask you to marry me because you are the first woman I have seen I would fain make my wife. For Heaven's sake do not talk of befriendment and well-doing. The words do not apply."

"But," she went on, determined to make him see her meaning, "you may be more generous than you know: you may have mistaken pity for love. Anyhow, the best of all joys, the joy of others which is one's own giving, will be yours. And you will at last understand what I mean when I speak of a better feeling than love. Those who love each other in the common way have nothing to forgive, nothing to be thankful for. Should I let you so bind yourself unless I trusted you as you must trust yourself? You would not behave magnanimously now unless you were sure of being able to behave so always. You would never reproach me by word, look, or deed, I know. And the best, deepest feelings a woman has to bestow shall be yours. My affection for you shall be that of mother, sister, wife, in one."

Then she added again, ready to break into tears: "You will take me to my old home, will you not? Oh, to see my sisters! to have them love me as of old, and if God sees fit to restore my father to reason, to hear him bless me and call me his child, his own Eva, once more! No, it is too much joy. It can never, never be."

Arthur soothed her, lover like, before going away. Better for both, he said, to be alone awhile. Later he would take her for a little walk in the forest. If not, they should see each other next day, and the next. "And the next," he added, confidently, "it must be as I say."

He left her outwardly calm and unmoved, and went about the day's business as usual. An Englishman makes war or love, ruin overtakes him or fortune's choicest gifts are poured into his lap, but the gaping world is none the wiser; he suddenly finds himself a millionaire, a hero, a ruined man, or an accepted lover—and straightway stolidly orders his dinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

"AND now," said Eva, "you shall have my story."

They had sauntered down to the marge of the lake, warm light cradling them softly, none but themselves denizens of this golden world. Hardly a scene for tales of tears and passion, yet, in spite of the ineffable peace and loveliness, the deep, dark waves on which lay the golden water-lilies might symbolize the hidden mystery and despair underlying human life, brightened by the mercy of Heaven with fair hopes.

They sat down on the skirts of the wood, both under the spell of the strange sweetness and solitude. It seemed in their first transport of sympathy and understanding as if they hardly needed explanation. Heart had already spoken to heart, soul to soul. Words could hardly make things clearer, yet Eva was fain to tell all now. Her pent-up confidences and secret thoughts long kept in check must find utterance at last. He held his peace. What will not a rare woman hazard in order to escape an inadequate existence! Unkindness may be endured even by those possessed of little patience; laborious, nay loveless, days made light of. But when the inner life, which is light indeed, lacks space and nutriment, when the soul is penned up between prison walls, an ardent nature can endure it no longer, and freedom is purchased at desperate cost.

Eva's story was much of the kind Arthur Ven-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1440.

ning had looked for. This brilliant girl had been the victim of her own intellectual aspirations and of another's subtle influences for ill, surely of evil chance also. In her case it seemed admissible to talk of fate and destiny, so implicitly were the toils of both woven about her feet.

A small official, living in a remote little residency or ducal capital, had three daughters, the two younger of whom promised to be paragons, but cast into the shadow by the attractions of their elder sister. On her, indeed, nature had lavished such bounties as might promise a matchless fortune—beauty, stateliness, *esprit*, a voice of uncommon richness, also artistic aptitude quite out of the ordinary way. And she was ambitious, though what play was there for rare character and parts in the future carved out for her?

Eva and her younger sisters must first be trained as school-teachers, and afterward paired off with some estimable pastor, professor, or official. A life that should be her own, the best and fullest expression of herself—in other words, the highest good attainable to human beings—was as remote from her as from some veiled thing called a woman shut up in an Eastern seraglio.

"Oh!" cried Eva, passionately, "henceforth women *must* have happier destinies. By virtue of freedom they will at last attain to full mental stature, and will grow strong and wise and happy. For is not injustice, alike in large and small things, at the bottom of most human misery, and what can be unjuster than the distortion of claims into the semblance of a duty? In the pride of my youth, on the threshold of life, possessed, moreover, as I believed, with a natural gift that might prove a career, I was bidden to marry a man because it was my duty. Yet I blame my parents very little. We were poor. The proposed marriage was a suitable one. Why could I not be as easily contented with a humdrum, narrow existence as other girls? They little understood how the notion crushed, almost hardened me. I was to be no longer myself, to give up all that was life indeed, to drag through life at the bidding of others. I began to feel afraid of myself. I had wild thoughts of fleeing, of apprenticing myself to some stage-manager as vocalist, of breaking with my family even!

"As I sat wrestling with these thoughts, determined to evade the reality they would fain force upon me, yet heart-broken at the notion of causing sorrow to my parents and sisters, an arch-tempter stood before me in the shape of a savior. We were often at court, my second sister and myself, and the Prince, who was related to the ducal house, had danced with me once or twice. 'Dear child,' he now said—he was older than myself by ten years, and his rank and knowledge of the world permitted this familiarity—'do not weep any more. You are free, and it is to me you are indebted for your freedom.'

"I looked up in amazement, and he went on, matter-of-fact, even kindly, yet carefully concealing anything like sentiment.

"'I bring you even better news still. In a week you will be on your way to Italy. The world of art, the musical future you have dreamed of, are to be yours.'

"Then he went on to explain, still in the same easy, almost indifferent manner, that my kind friends at court had heard rumors of the distastefulness of the marriage proposed to me, and that he had hit upon a plan by which time might be gained and matters smoothed over for all of us. His mother, sister of the reigning duchess, was about to start for Italy, and wanted a young lady as companion—*lectrice*, they called it. I was the very person to please her somewhat fastidious tastes. I was to have every facility afforded me for cultivating my voice. The marriage, thus postponed, need never take place, and I should quit my parents on affectionate terms, as if nothing had happened.

"My poor parents! Not even a brilliant marriage could have made them prouder than prospects like these. I was to see Italy, then the world, travel from one German court to another. They wept when they parted from me, but it was tears of joy. My sisters looked upon me already as a grand personage destined to raise the family fortunes. I never saw them again.

"Yet for a time all went well. The Prince was not only my benefactor and kind friend, he was my intellectual guide, my spiritual teacher—nothing more; so at least I blindly believed, and I was too happy, too absorbed in my rich, full art life, to suspect the truth. I really liked him. I felt more than grateful to him. He was, indeed, daily and hourly becoming necessary to me, but I was far from suspecting as yet that his will was to become my destiny."

She paused for a moment, and added, in a quiet, mysterious voice: "For such things must be. Looking back on the past, I can pity myself and forgive. I was no mere weakling caught in the grip of an iron purpose; rather a victim who, blindfolded by subtlety and wile, is made to walk blindfolded toward the pitfall. On a sudden the scales fell from my eyes. One morning the Prince came to me with a look that revealed all.

"'We are alone,' he whispered. 'You must know what I have come to tell you. I have loved you from the first; and you—I think you have learned to love me a little.'

"I was dumb. Did I ever love this man? I know not. I only know that he influenced me strangely, and that his will seemed to paralyze mine. Intellectually he had already claimed me his. Ten years older than myself, with a vast knowledge of the world and of art, an unerring critical faculty, moreover, he had indeed made me what I was. I owed my real—that is to say, my spiritual and artistic—existence to him. He had found me a curious, ardent girl. He had moulded me into the thoughtful woman, the artist. He—the fallen angel—had given me a soul.

"'We are alone. Now if ever,' he said. 'Our fate lies in our own hands. The duchess will not return to-day, and her presence is the only barrier to our happiness. Go with me. Become my wife.'

"What could I do but draw back and tremble?

"'Listen!' he cried; 'my love, my own! My mother has set her mind upon a great marriage for me. The bride is chosen; negotiations are already opened. If I return to Germany free, my destiny is sealed. And does not the same lot await yourself? I plead your cause as well as my own, and more, all that is dear to you, Italy, your art.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAWN TENNIS IN 1884.

THE National Lawn Tennis Association's fourth annual tournament, held this year as heretofore at Newport, derived additional interest from the fact that Mr. SEARS, the third-term champion, was debarred from the open competition, thereby leaving an opening for some young and aspiring players to come to the front rank. The condition under which the open event, now coming to be known by the English title of the "All-comers' Prize," was held was that the winner should be required to challenge the champion. The winner, as the event proved, was Mr. HOWARD A. TAYLOR, of Harvard College, whose reputation on the tennis lawn has been steadily rising since his appearance at Newport last year, when he showed remarkable promise in a hotly contested match with Mr. FARNUM, of the Young America Cricket Club. This year Mr. TAYLOR, who is only eighteen years old, won the Harvard championship and the Intercollegiate championship. At the summer tournament of the Orange Club he was evidently out of form, being defeated by Mr. POST, and this fact probably lent an element of surprise to his success at Newport. As it turned out, however, at that meeting, he made good his claim to be considered second only to Mr. SEARS by defeating such players as Messrs. VAN RENSSELAER, C. M. and J. S. CLARK, CONOVER, BEECKMAN, POST, THORN, and KNAPP. The only unsatisfactory circumstance in connection with the success of Mr. TAYLOR was the withdrawal of Dr. DWIGHT from all participation in the open singles, the reason for which was not stated, and, as assumed, was not satisfactory. A week later Messrs. DWIGHT and TAYLOR met at Orange, and a very interesting match was in progress, when Dr. DWIGHT was again obliged to disappoint his opponent and the spectators, being overcome by the excessive heat of the weather.

In the championship round at Newport Mr. SEARS had no difficulty in maintaining his position, Mr. TAYLOR winning only one set in four. Mr. SEARS has now won the championship of the United States four years in succession, and there seems to be no probability that the honor will be wrested from him next year. In addition to a natural aptitude for the game, which has been cultivated by assiduous practice, he still has youth on his side, and may count upon some appreciable improvement each season for three or four years to come. That he has made considerable advance during the past twelve months was evident to all who had the opportunity to compare his play at Newport this year with the form he showed last year. This improvement is in a great measure due to the practice he enjoyed in England during the past spring and early summer, when for three months he had almost daily opportunities of meeting the best English players, both in tournaments and in private practice. Having gone to England for the sake of meeting the best players rather than with an eye to the spoils of victory, it is not surprising that few English prizes fell to the lot of the American champion. In the double game, however, Messrs. SEARS and DWIGHT gained for themselves a reputation second only to that of the famous RENSHAW brothers, and it needed only their well-earned victory at Liverpool to establish the American pair as at least as good a team as any that they met in England, barring the English champions. To be second to such players as the RENSHAWS is to be the second team in the world, and with this honor the United States can well afford to rest content for a few years to come, when, as the record of international sports would seem to indicate, the lawn tennis championship of the world may confidently be expected to be held in America for a time. In the single game, however, the position of the American champion is not so high as in doubles. English players and critics place Mr. SEARS in the first ten or twelve, but not higher, such men as the RENSHAWS, Messrs. LAWFORD, GRINSTEAD, STEWART, WILLIAMS, LEWIS, BROWNE, and CHATTERTON being ranked above him, several others being classed as about equal to him. Such a classification gives us some idea of the high standard of the game as played in England, and when we consider further that Mr. W. RENSHAW is as far in advance of all his home competitors as Mr. SEARS is ahead of other American players, it becomes evident that our standard of play must be kept steadily rising if our men are to compete successfully with their English rivals.

The third of the gentlemen whose portraits are given on page 615 as lawn tennis champions of 1884 is Dr. JAMES DWIGHT, of Boston, who is perhaps the best known of tournament players, since not only does he rank among the first three players in the United States, but he has also been thrice elected president of the National Lawn Tennis Association, a position which he has filled with marked ability, as the success of the last three Newport meetings testifies. Dr. DWIGHT, in conjunction with Mr. SEARS, holds the championship for doubles for the third successive year, and the prowess of the pair is so far in advance of anything that has hitherto been known in this country that it hardly seems possible that they should be displaced next year, or even for two years to come. In the single-handed game, as has been said, Dr. DWIGHT stands among the first three, and had he taken part in the Newport matches, as was expected, he had stood a good chance to establish his claim to the second place. That he declined to make the effort at Newport, and again subsequently at Orange, was a matter of regret to those who are most interested in the game, but it should not be allowed to question the position of Mr. TAYLOR. Dr. DWIGHT has undoubtedly improved his play by his English experience, but it is questionable if he will make any further advance. Taking up the game at an age when few men enter into a new pastime of an athletic character with any expectation of excelling in it, Dr. DWIGHT has developed into a remarkably strong player; but he has reached his thirty-fourth year, and further improvement can hardly be looked for.

Dr. DWIGHT has certainly done more for lawn tennis in this country than any one else, and possibly his absence abroad during the best part of the season may have had some connection with the infrequency of open tournaments this summer. The Philadelphia district has had only one, and the Longwood Club, of Boston, held a summer meeting. The Far-and-Near Club, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, had a very pleasant meeting in June, and intends to have another in October; lastly, the Orange Club has recently concluded its second tournament this year. The Orange tournaments are very popular with players, for not only has the club the prettiest ground in the neighborhood of New York, but the prizes are always handsome, the attendance numerous, and the management of the best. A. B. STARKEY.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD.

THE latest accession to the list of Presidential candidates, from among whom the intelligent citizen will have to choose, is Mrs. BELVA LOCKWOOD, a well-known lawyer now practicing in the city of Washington. This lady possesses great force of character and indomitable perseverance. Her legal attainments are of no common order, and her practice at the bar has been extensive. She was for years the editor of the *Legal News* of Chicago, a journal founded by her husband, and continued successfully by her. Mrs. LOCKWOOD has for some time been a resident in Washington, and is the only lady admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. In her letter of acceptance she promises if elected to make "a fair distribution of offices to women as well as men." This would include the appointment of a reasonable number of women as district attorneys, marshals, and judges of the United States, and of a competent woman to any vacancy that might occur on the United States Supreme Bench.

THE RIGHT OF WAY AT SEA.

To the average landsman the proceedings in the *Tallapoosa* court of inquiry are full of allusions which might as well be written in Choctaw as in English, so far as his comprehension thereof is concerned. He has heard of the boundless ocean, even if he has not seen it, and he can not for the life of him understand why there should not be room enough for vessels to keep clear of each other by night as well as by day. It is perfectly safe to assume that not more than one person in a hundred—very likely not more than one in a thousand—knows that there is a "rule of the road" at sea, far more uniform and rigorous than that which regulates travel on the public ways of dry land.

The maritime nations have agreed, after centuries of long and costly experience, on a code of rules which covers all possible situations in which vessels under way can find themselves, and yet collisions happen at sea among ships just as they do on shore among vehicles and pedestrians.

To the observant spectator of a yacht race, or of any crowded waterway of commerce, it seems wonderful how the different craft avoid running each other down. By day this is a comparatively simple matter, the fundamental rules being that a steamer must always keep out of the way of a sailing vessel, that a vessel sailing nearly or quite *before* the wind must give way to one sailing across it, and that a vessel with the wind blowing against her left-hand side must give way to one with the wind blowing against her right-hand side. These are awkward circumlocutions. A sailor would say, "A vessel running free must give way to a vessel close hauled on either tack," "A vessel on the port tack must give way to one on the starboard tack," etc., which covers the whole case, to his comprehension, and sounds much more like business even in a landsman's ears.

There are certain other simple rules devised to provide for possible complications, but those given are the most important, the first principles on which the maritime rule of the road is based. Beyond and above all, however, is that element of uncertainty which scientific persons call the "personal equation," but which is popularly known as common-sense guided by good judgment.

This quality is of the most vital importance when darkness is on the face of the deep. On an average star-lit night a "sailor-man" must have owl's eyes if he can make out a vessel with any certainty at the distance of a mile. How much less when sea and sky are absolutely black, when the blinding salt spray flies in sheets over the reeling deck, and lights, if seen at all, are seen only to vanish!

"But," says our landsman, "does not every vessel carry a light?" Certainly—two of them at least; but these must be so placed that they indicate the direction in which the vessel which carries them is moving, otherwise they are nearly useless. To this end a red light is carried on the port (left) side, and a green light on the starboard (right) side. The law calls for lights powerful enough to be visible at a distance of two miles, and they must be so placed as to be visible straight ahead or on either side. They must not be visible astern. Suppose now that the lookout sees a red light ahead: he knows that the vessel to which it belongs has her port side toward him, and is moving toward *his* left; if it is a green light, she is moving in an opposite direction; if he can see both lights, she is coming directly toward him. He instantly reports what he sees, and the officer in charge at the time must at once act according to the "rules of the road," modified by the exigencies of the situation. The general rule is, "Port your helm," that is to say, "Turn out to the right"; but many a good ship has been sent to the bottom because the officer in charge was not quick enough to see that under the circumstances the rule must be broken. Situations may arise which set at defiance all rules, and confound even the keenest judgment. The dash of a wave or some wholly unavoidable accident may extinguish or obscure a lantern at a critical moment, leaving only one side light visible; the two vessels are driving toward each other through the darkness, and each, but for the extinguished light, may be following what the best seamanship would indicate as the safest course. Misunderstandings and mistakes occur at sea as elsewhere, for sailors are very human; and when a court of inquiry tries to find out who is to blame, in a case like that of the *Tallapoosa* and the *Lowell*, it invariably finds that the personal equation, taking the term in its very broadest sense, bears a very prominent part in all the proceedings.

It may amuse non-sea-going readers to know that "Jack" has dropped into poetry to aid his memory in doubtful situations. Every sailor-man has the following lines by heart:

> "When both side lights you see ahead,
> Port your helm and show your RED.
> GREEN to GREEN, or RED to RED,
> Perfect safety—Go ahead."

The following apply especially to steamers:

> "If to your starboard RED appear,
> It is your duty to keep clear;
> To act as judgment says is proper,
> To Port or Starboard, Back or Stop her.
> But when upon your Port is seen
> A steamer's starboard light of GREEN,
> There's not so much for you to do,
> For GREEN to Port keeps clear of you.
> Both in safety and in doubt,
> Always keep a good Lookout.
> In danger, with no room to turn,
> Ease her!—Stop her!—Go astern!"

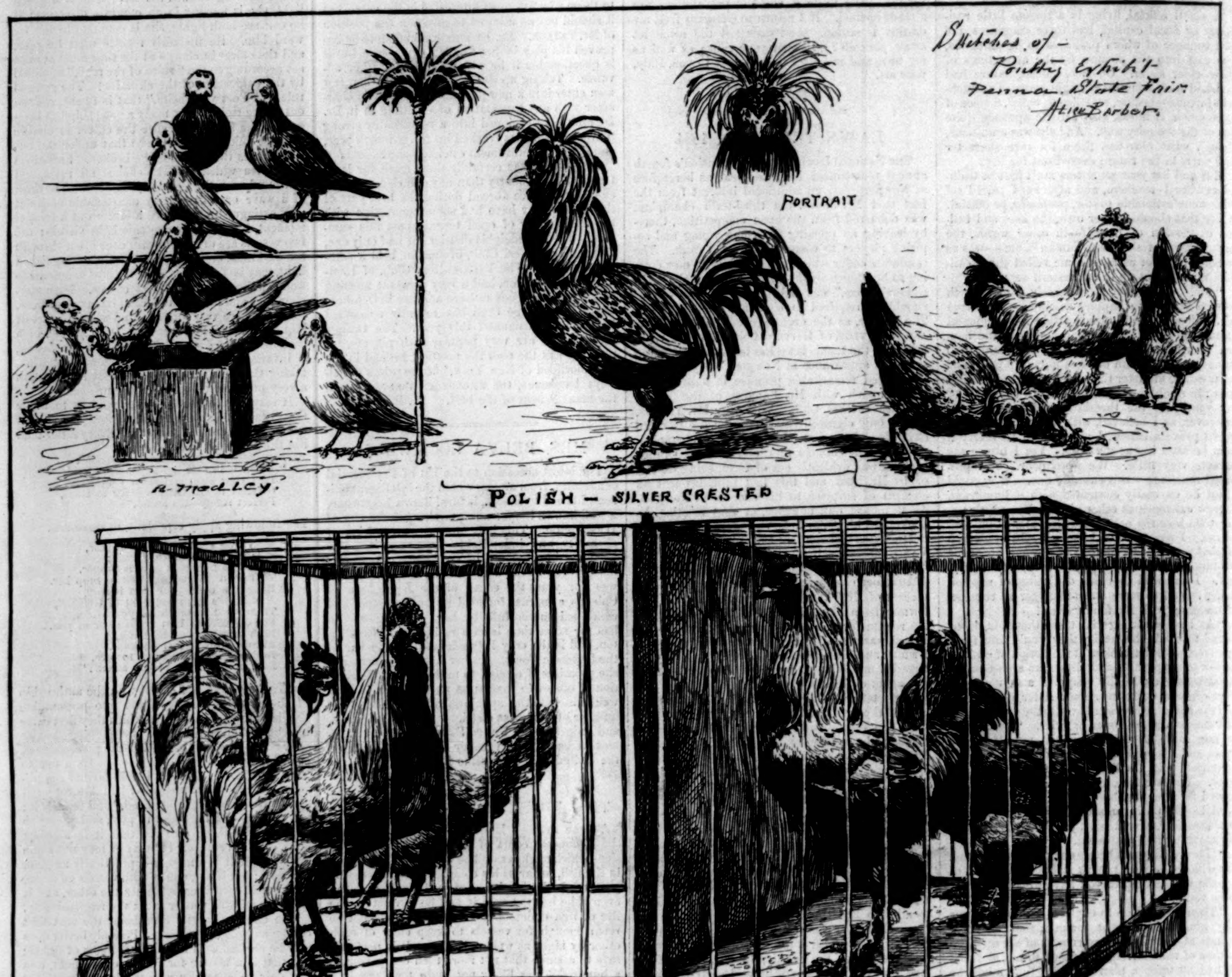
Mr. Thomas Gray is credited with the authorship of these verses, having edited into presentable English the crude shapes in which they first came into being before the mast.

When it is remembered that the percentage of color-blindness is variously given at from five to ten per cent., the situation is still farther complicated. The lookout sees what he takes for a red light, "close aboard, dead ahead," and reports it; the mate orders the helm to port, and jumps to the quarter-rail, only to see that it is a green light. "Hard starboard!" may or may not come too late. If it is a miss, it is practically as good as a mile; but if not, one or both vessels go down, lives are lost, each crew blames the other, and it is a very difficult matter to fix the responsibility.

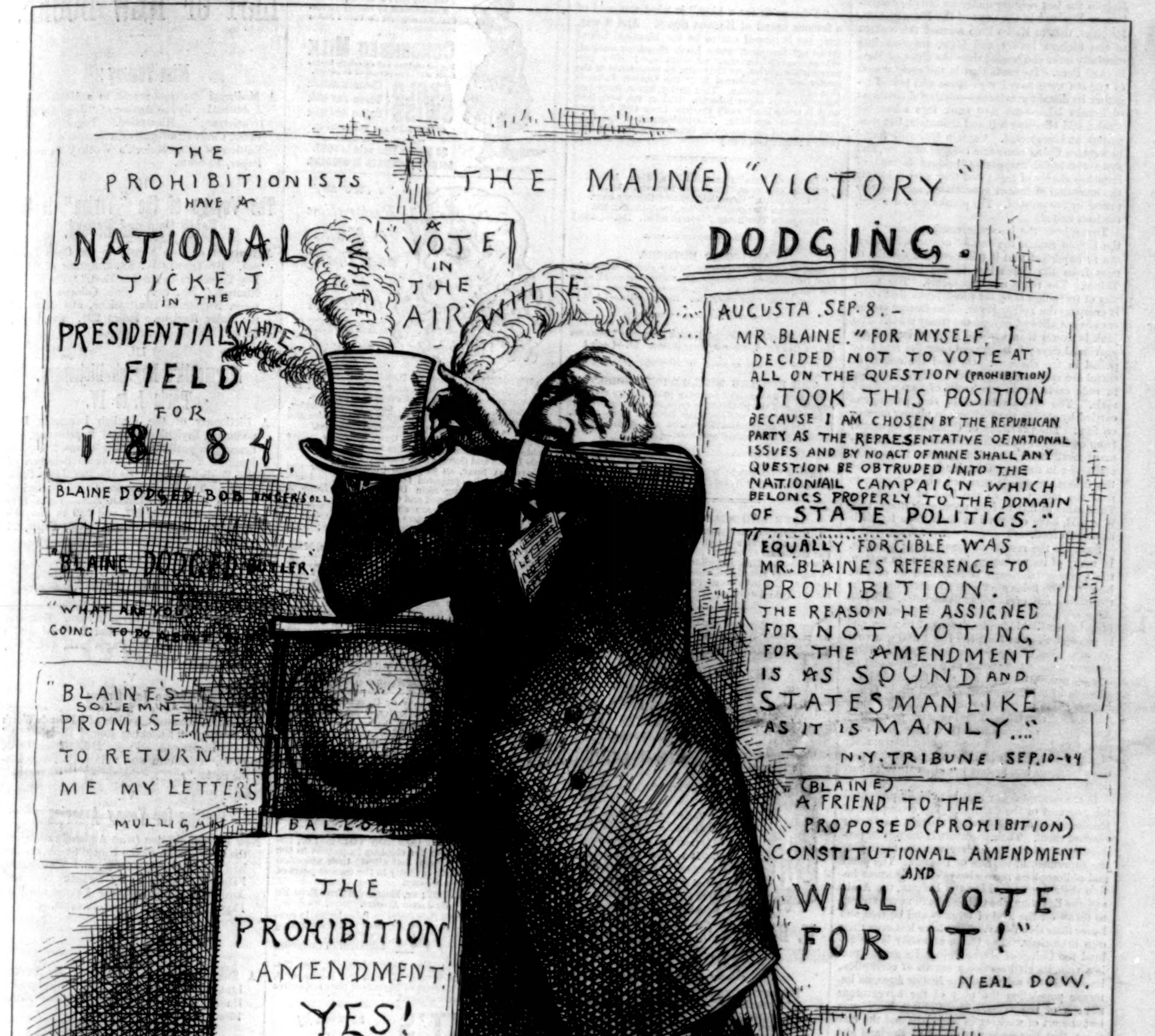
The existing rules are probably the best that can be enforced at present. Possibly better ones may be devised with improved systems of lights; but that is a matter for future experiment, and can only be generally adopted by international consent.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

THE twelfth annual Industrial Exposition of the city of Cincinnati was opened on September 3 with the formalities customary on such occasions. An orchestra played selections from operas, a chorus sang bits of the *Messiah* and of *Tannhäuser*, and sundry soloists warbled more or less sweetly. Mr. EDWIN STEVENS, chairman of the committee, introduced to the audience Mayor STEPHENS, who in turn introduced Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the orator of the day. He pointed out, in neat sentences, that the exposition was not an international nor a national affair, it was not a county or State affair; it was distinctly a city exposition. Rome in all her glory, Paris with all her taste, London with all her wealth, had never had city expositions, and therefore each of these capitals was clearly far inferior to Cincinnati in all respects. The Hon. Mr. BUTTERWORTH, who was detained elsewhere by his "boom," wrote an inspiring letter, in which he plunged into ancient history deeper than ever SCHLIEMANN sounded. More men, he wrote, were engaged in pork-packing to-day than were present at the siege of Troy, while if the Carthaginians had only had as many sewing-machines as were in the Exposition Building, Scipio would have fled. After these auspicious words the exhibition was declared open. As usual, many of the exhibitors were not ready on time. By the 6th, however, everything was in place. The attractions presented were all of considerable interest. The government exhibit, in charge of Ensign HARLOW, is the collection that will be sent to the World's Fair at New Orleans. It consists of contributions from the National Museum, the Fisheries exhibit, the model light-house, and the department of arctic supplies, exhibiting every necessary for arctic exploration. In the main hall is a collection of relics of ANDREW JACKSON—the sabre presented by Philadelphia, his watch seals, etc. The flower display on Friday was a great attraction, and the children's day (September 6) brought a crowd of sight-seers. A stained-glass window by TIFFANY occupies a prominent place in the corridor devoted to etchings; it is an admirable work, and took a prize at Munich. The display of textile fabrics is large and excellent, and indeed every department is full of interest, whether, like the consular department, it is filled with contributions from every country with which our country has consular relations, or whether it relies for its attraction on native taste and labor.



THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER.—[SEE PAGE 617.]



ANOTHER FEATHER IN HIS CAP; OR, "DODGED, BY GOSH!"

CHINA IN ITS DECAY.

China, like all conservative nations, sinks slowly into decay. Its condition resembles that of Italy in the last century under an intense despotism, or England in the days of the Plantagenets. Its cities, that to Marco Polo seemed the centres of the highest luxury and taste, are now less carefully built and tended than the cities of Mexico and Peru. Its roads that in the early period of our era were paved with stone and bound together its distant provinces—wonderful creations of human labor—are now sunk into miserable tracks, still climbing hill and mountain, but dangerous and neglected. Captain Gill still found in western China some fine bridges of stone, and some wonderful suspension-bridges formed of immense chains of iron; but they were evidently the invention of former generations, and scarcely prized by the present. The planks were decayed, the iron rusted.

Throughout the immense empire, larger than the United States, the means of communication are so imperfect that it takes several months to pass from the China Sea to the highlands of Thibet. The roads are impassable. The usual way of travelling is by the hired junks that slowly creep up the Yellow River. The foreign steamers are not allowed beyond the treaty ports. The junk is slower than was the Albany sloop of our provincial days; it is dragged over the rapids or polled in the shallows. On land the means of travel are still more imperfect; freight is carried in rude carts or on the backs of men and animals. The officials travel in rich palanquins carried by coolies, the civilians in plainer ones or on foot. The provinces of China are separated from each other by impassable barriers. Famine may prevail in one, abundant harvests in another; and hence in the recent famine in western China the miserable people perished while striving to pass the mountains to the land of abundance. They came at last to feed upon each other, and, it is said, have not yet lost their taste for their unnatural food.

Such are the results of conservative isolation. In many of its provinces, in a fortunate season, the Chinese landscape is described as of rare beauty. The fields glow with abundant crops, the rice fields are of singular luxuriance, the hill-sides are covered with flowers, the comfortable farm-houses lie hidden in clumps of bamboo, and in some districts at least the frank and generous countenances of the people and their constant politeness show the results of good order and independence. But they are still far behind the European farmer in knowledge and skill. Their rude ploughs scarcely break the rich soil; their fruits and vegetables are few and poor; they know little of grafting; they have not even pumps and spades and the common instruments of agriculture. Their houses are comfortless, their manners and morals too often those of barbarians.

It is a mental decay that has chiefly prevented the progress of the Chinese. The conception of freedom and of independent thought has never reached them. Their literature is the servile production of minds that never venture to dispute the supremacy of the Son of Heaven. The poets and philosophers seem always on their knees before their despots. Like the Persian, the Arab, and the Egyptian, the Chinese have never striven to throw off the load of tyranny and be free, and hence their slow decay. They have lost even their own inventions. The China of to-day is far behind the China of Marco Polo. Its great canal is a ruin, its civil service a source of corruption, its schools the schools of the Middle Ages, its immense population the prey of the adventurous nations of the West. The Chinese have even lost the art of working in porcelain, and the rare china that was once the model of England and Holland can no longer be produced among them. The poets of the earlier ages were sometimes soft and tender; the modern poetry of China has declined like its porcelain. It is said that even the tea of China has lost its early excellence. Only "ordinary tea," Captain Gill relates, is found in the tea-houses. Only once or twice he meets with the pure yellow beverage that has no parallel.

A shock has recently aroused China. France has taken from it one of its ancient possessions; England and Russia press it on either side; steam, electricity, the railroad, and the printing-press approach its borders; and the moment either of its revival or of its total decay seems near. Covered with railways, and penetrated by European activity, China would become one of the most fortunate portions of the earth. Its people are said to be not unprepared for the change. Its despotism alone holds it back. As a free and progressive people the Chinese may rise from their decay, and their immense territory give a new impulse to the commerce of the world.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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